The Outlook

Vol. 68 August 3, 1901 No. 14

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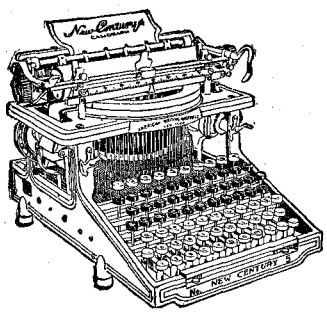

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The Outlook

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The Steel Strike The history of the steel strike last week is chiefly a record of unsubstantiated rumors. In the first place, the prediction of the week before that several of the closed plants would be reopened with non-union help remains unfulfilled. No important works have yet been started up again. In the next place, the report that a Federal Judge was about to issue a number of blanket injunctions against the strikers has not as yet been followed by any such action. In the third place, the announcement that pressure was to be brought upon the Republican National Committee, through Senator Hanna, to intervene on the part of the strikers, as it did last year in the coal strike, is, to say the least, unverified. In the fourth place, the sensational despatches stating that the Mayor of Wellsville, O., had forbidden union men from accosting non-union men on the streets, and that the Mayor of McKeesport, Pa., had prohibited the importation of non-union men and refused to protect the property of the trusts, proves to have so little basis of fact as to be unworthy of serious attention. The only case reported during the week in which non-union men failed to secure the protection of the public was that of the three hundred negroes imported from Alabama to work for the Latrobe Steel and Copper Company at Melrose Park, Ill. In this case the remonstrance of the whole town against the importation and the fear inspired among the negroes led the company to abandon its project and send the negroes back. In this incident the company might justly complain that its legal rights had not been protected, but the strike at Melrose Park is not, we believe, connected with the struggle between the Amalgamated Association and the Steel Trust. That conflict, if we may believe present reports, may be ended before this paper reaches our readers. The one piece of news of real importance is that on Saturday last President Shaffer and Secretary Williams of the Amalgamated Association had a conference with President Schwab and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of the Steel Trust, and that after this conference President Shaffer sent telegrams to the executive officers of the Amalgamated Association asking them to meet in Pittsburg on Monday of this week. As to the suggested basis of settlement the rumors now current have apparently as little basis as most of those which darkened the situation last week. We have only to add that since a labor war of such proportions as was threatened is not only an immediate disaster to the entire community but threatens increased peril for the future, the entire community will hope that some pacific and honorable method of adjustment may be found.

❀

The Schley Inquiry The extremely unhistorical third volume of Maclay's history of the Navy, with its bitter personal attack on Admiral Schley, has served one useful purpose; it has led the Admiral to call for a Court of Inquiry. Such an inquiry into the conduct of Admiral Schley before, during, and after the naval battle of Santiago should, in our judgment, have taken place long since. The charges made are specific; those who reiterate them from time to time in the public press are able to quote a characterization of Admiral Schley as guilty of "reprehensible conduct" made by his immediate superior officer and a letter from the Secretary of the Navy to the Senate Naval Committee describing Admiral Schley's conduct as marked by "unsteadiness in purpose and in push and failure to obey orders." It is not our intention to examine in detail the charges made against Admiral Schley,

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much less to express an opinion as to the merits of the case. It is quite certain, however, that these charges are serious enough in character to demand thorough investigation in the interest of Admiral Schley's own reputation and in the interest of harmony in the service. If the investigation had taken place a year or more ago there would have been avoided the heated and bitterly personal controversy which has been waged all these months in the public press, and there would have been removed a disagreeable shadow from the renown of one of the greatest of American naval achievements. The Court of Inquiry now to be held will of necessity be final in its conclusions, because the statutory time after alleged misconduct during which a court martial may be held has already expired. The personnel of the court as constituted by Secretary Long's order meets with universal approval. Admiral Dewey will preside, and Rear-Admiral Kimberley and Admiral Benham (both men of long experience, fine records, and deeply concerned for the honor of the service) are the other members, and Captain Lemly, the Judge Advocate-General of the Navy, will act as Judge Advocate at the inquiry. Admiral Schley will, of course, be represented by counsel. The "precept" to the Court of Inquiry directs an investigation into all the matters involved in this unhappy controversy, both in general language and also in the specific statement of more than a dozen distinct points, covering the conduct of the "flying squadron" at Cienfuegos; its voyage to Santiago; its departure from Santiago admittedly contrary to orders; the excuse or reason for this relating to the coal supply; the question whether proper efforts were made to destroy the Colon from May 27 to May 31; the propriety of withdrawing the squadron to a distance from Santiago harbor at night; the conduct of the Brooklyn under Schley's immediate command during the engagement of June 3, and particularly her turning, as it is alleged by some, in such a way as to get out of the line of fire and endanger the Texas; the correspondence with Lieutenant Hodgson about the last-named incident in which Admiral Schley is alleged to have striven to falsify the facts, and much else. The people of the country who have not become involved in the controversy, to which there has been some effort to give a sectional aspect, will demand that the whole story be put before them clearly and intelligently, and that the Court of Inquiry distribute praise and blame fearlessly. Meanwhile newspapers and individuals should refrain from hasty conclusions and from attempting to take into their own hands the duty of weighing evidence and finding a verdict prematurely.

❀

The "Grandfather" Clause Before the Courts

The constitutionality of the Louisiana Suffrage Law is to be tested. On July 10, David J. Ryanes, a colored resident of New Orleans who cannot comply with the educational or property qualifications of the Louisiana Constitution of 1898, made application to be registered as a voter, and was refused registration. On July 12, Mr. Armand Romaine, a lawyer of New Orleans, acting as Ryanes's attorney, filed suit in the Civil District Court of the parish of New Orleans, praying that a writ of mandamus be issued obliging the registrar to enroll this man. The proceedings preliminary to this case have been under way for some time, and the registrar knew when this man's application was made and refused that the application was made for the purpose of furnishing a base for a suit. The case has been undertaken and will be prosecuted by the Afro-American Council, whose headquarters are in Washington. David J. Ryanes, the man who has been selected as plaintiff, is a man sixty years of age who for the last thirty years has actually exercised his privileges as a voter. He was a slave and the son of a slave. He has resided in New Orleans since 1860, in which year he was brought to that city from Tennessee. He can neither read nor write, nor does he pay taxes on $300 worth of property. The contention is made that while on this account he is not allowed to register, a white man in the same condition would be allowed so to do under the so-called "grandfather" clause of the Constitution. The plaintiff has an excellent reputation in New Orleans, has a family, is a hard-working man, and is an elder in good standing in one of the leading colored Methodist churches of the city.

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Mr. Armand Romaine, the lawyer who has entered the case, is not a negro. He is a native of New Orleans, a graduate of Tulane University and Law School, and has been in practice in New Orleans for several years. He informed our correspondent that he hoped to have the case brought to trial during the next ten days or two weeks after its entry. As North Carolina has adopted practically the same plan as Louisiana for disfranchising negroes without disfranchising whites possessing no greater qualifications, the result of the present suit will determine the validity of its disfranchisement clause as well as that of Louisiana. The National Constitution, it will be recalled, forbids the disfranchisement of citizens because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The legal defense of the "grandfather" clause in the Louisiana and North Carolina Constitutions is that it does not disfranchise negroes because of their color, but enfranchises whites if their family enjoyed the suffrage before it was given to negroes. Nominally Mr. Ryanes was not disfranchised because of his color, but if the Court finds that in fact he was disfranchised on that account, it must hold that the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution has been violated.

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Our Exports $100 per Family

The already astounding balance of trade "in our favor" was increased by another one hundred million dollars during the fiscal year just ended. Our imports were a trifle less than a year ago, or barely eight hundred millions, but our exports rose from fourteen hundred millions to fifteen hundred, and now amount to one hundred dollars for every family in this country. In other words, the "average American family"—if such a thing there be—sends abroad a hundred dollars' worth of products, pays the freight upon them, and sells them in foreign markets for less than they can be produced for by the "pauper" labor there. And yet we have a tariff to protect American trusts from meeting foreign competition in our own markets, where they would have no ocean freights to pay, while their foreign competitors would be handicapped thereby. Our farmers, it is true, contributed two-thirds of our exports, but the protected industries of manufacturing, mining, and forestry contributed five hundred million dollars' worth, showing that in every department American producers can gain by free exchange with other countries. The question "What becomes of the balances in our favor?" grows each year more difficult to answer. Last year we sold to other countries seven hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than they sold to us, and yet only eleven millions in gold was shipped us in payment. When we had only a balance of three hundred millions to account for, we used to assume that a third of it went to pay the interest on foreign investments here, another third to pay the expenses of American travelers abroad, and the balance to pay the freight charges on our foreign shipments. When in 1898 the balance "in our favor" rose above five hundred millions, we assumed that nearly half of it went to pay off our indebtedness abroad. But we have now had four years of these enormous balances, and this year's balance is greater than ever before. If we have already paid off so much it is strange that our payments do not decrease. One of our correspondents who studies Wall Street matters closely suggests that we have not been paying off our foreign debt at the rate supposed, and asserts that English holdings of our railroad, manufacturing, mining, and land companies are as great now as ever and are simply bringing a larger return to the foreign investors. If this be true, then English optimists have a right to find comfort in the fact that the balance of trade "against" England is even larger than the balance of trade "in our favor." The fact that she imports eight hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than she exports is evidence of her enormous income from her foreign investments.

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The New Postal Regulations

The Postmaster-General has very wisely taken counsel with leading publishers respecting the proposed postal regulations affecting second-class mail matter, and has issued an order which will hereafter exclude from cheap mail matter all pseudo-periodical publications, confining the privilege of cheap rates to such periodicals as consist of current news or

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miscellaneous literary matter, and not including journals which are in effect gift enterprises or advertising circulars. The new order will also prohibit the return of unsold copies of second-class periodicals at pound rates to news agents or publishers.

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A Still Higher Tariff in Germany

The new tariff schedules proposed by the German Ministry—and published last week in a pamphlet of one hundred and sixty-seven pages—are as extreme in their way as the tariff schedules of Russia or the United States. They differ, however, from the high tariff measures of these two countries in that they are chiefly to protect the farmers at the expense of the cities, instead of aiming chiefly to protect city industries at the expense of the farmers. The heaviest increases made are upon agricultural products, and, since Germany must still import a part of her supplies, their price in Germany is likely to increase almost as much as the tariff is raised. Wheat and rye, for example, have heretofore been taxed about one mark (24 cents) a bushel; hereafter, according to the new schedules, the taxes will range from a minimum of a mark and a half to a maximum of nearly two marks. "The minimum figures," says the despatch, "are to be the lowest admissible in commercial treaties." Inasmuch as wheat and rye are the breadstuffs for nearly the entire population, the new taxes will add nearly one-half to the natural cost of bread to the German workingman. There are indeed increases in the present taxes on imported manufactures—the duties on imported machinery being in some cases more than doubled—but the chief changes made are of the sort that will burden the industrial classes. The result is that public sentiment in the cities is strongly hostile to the new rates. They have also called forth strong protests from the press of St. Petersburg and Vienna, in both of which capitals there is talk of tariff retaliation. Unfortunately such retaliation would be likely to help and not hurt the German interests back of the present measure, as it would give them an excuse for demanding further reprisals. Tariff warfare, like other warfare, tends to promote in other countries the same spirit it represents at home. It has been said of other wars that there is always folly on one side and almost always folly on both sides. In characterizing tariff wars the word "almost" is hardly essential.

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Free Trade with Porto Rico

As anticipated by us last week, President McKinley has issued his proclamation formally announcing the establishment of civil government in Porto Rico, and also proclaiming free trade between the United States and that island. The Outlook was among the journals which criticised President McKinley for silently retracting his message demanding free trade between Porto Rico and the United States and quietly exerting his personal influence in favor of the passage of the Foraker Bill imposing a tariff on Porto Rican exports and imports. We still think that President McKinley, having previously announced to the country that he was in favor of free trade, should have announced his change of view as publicly, if his view did change. But it must also be said that by his acquiescence he has won a victory over the extreme protection faction in his party which he probably could not have won by directly antagonizing that faction, and has kept his party together and at the same time secured absolute free trade for Porto Rico after a very brief delay. Practically this policy has secured for Porto Rico all the benefits which would have been extended over the island by the doctrine that its purchase made it subject to all the provisions of the Constitution, and at the same time has exempted it from the evils which that doctrine would have imposed by making it subject to an internal revenue taxation which might probably have proved oppressive. Porto Rico is now to all intents and purposes a Territory of the United States, except that it has no delegate in Congress and its inhabitants have no share in the government of the Nation.

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The South African War

It is rather difficult to understand on this side of the ocean why there has been such a heated controversy in England over the action of the London "Daily Mail" in obtaining and publishing from its correspondent in South Africa the statement

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that the British wounded were killed on the field by the Boers. At first the War Office denied the story entirely; afterwards it was admitted that there might be some truth in it, and finally, when the "Daily Mail" published names, dates, and places, the accuracy of the general statement was admitted by the War Office. One might suppose that the British authorities would not be averse to publicity when the incidents narrated exposed the improper practices and cruelty of the enemy. The trouble, however, seems to have been that the despatch was sent without the consent of Lord Kitchener, and was a violation of the press regulations, which still amount to a severe censorship. The subsequent action of the British war authorities in refusing to allow the "Daily Mail" the usual press facilities extended to other newspapers and in practically boycotting the "Daily Mail" in the distribution of official news at London is in the nature of punishment. It now seems clear, from despatches sent by Lord Kitchener himself, that, while it is true that British wounded were shot and killed at Vlakfontein, it is equally true that nothing in the shape of a general or authorized slaughter of the wounded took place. Indeed, the latest despatches say that the murder was the work of two or three ruffians only, and in the one case in which the murderer has been identified it turned out that he was a German mercenary. Evidence is also sent from South Africa to the effect that at Vlakfontein the Boer officers not only did not order the atrocities, but did their best to prevent them. Rumors continue that Lord Kitchener is to retire from command in South Africa; the repeated rumors that Sir Bindon-Blood is to succeed him are now followed by equally untrustworthy rumors that Lord Littleton is to assume command.

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Tuberculosis in Man and Beast

The sensational feature of the British Congress on Tuberculosis held in London last week was the assertion of Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, that infection from animal sources rarely, if ever, causes tuberculosis in the human body. The disease is common among animals, and extremely common, in particular, among cattle. Sanitary and medical experts have held it as an unquestioned fact that infection can and does frequently take place through milk and meat. To protect the public health sweeping and rather arbitrary powers are given to inspectors in England, the United States, and many other countries to test cattle for the disease and to kill the animals when tuberculosis is found. This State supervision has not always been approved by cattle breeders, who insist that the tests are by no means certain, and that they are often not properly indemnified; on the other hand, the experts of our Agricultural Department insist that the tests are absolutely essential for public safety, but admit that the tests will not invariably detect the disease, and that sometimes the test wrongly indicates the presence of tuberculosis when it does not exist. The final test—that is, the killing of the animal—settles the question in most cases, as the slaughter-houses and the meat are subject to Government inspection. The test with live animals consists of the injection of tuberculin, the existence of which is due to Dr. Koch's experiments; a considerable rise of temperature is taken to indicate the presence of the disease. It is evident that if Dr. Koch's thesis propounded last week can be maintained, the matter is of vast importance to cattle-breeders and dealers in meat products, and may produce a revolution in the Governmental oversight, although the necessity of protection against diseased meat would, in any case, still exist. As Dr. Koch was the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus and the originator of a method of treatment which is held by many eminent scientists to be of great value, though as yet within a limited field, his views are of great importance. The conclusion he reaches was largely based on experiments in attempting to transfer the disease from men to animals by inoculating with the bacillus; the reverse operation is, of course, impossible. Despite Dr. Koch's standing and ability he did not convince the other eminent students of the question at the Congress, such as Lord Lister and Professor McFadyean, the latter of whom read an able paper in opposition; while many scientists in Germany, France, and America have hastened to express themselves as more than doubtful. The

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Congress itself passed a resolution urging that health officers should continue every effort to prevent the spread of tuberculosis through milk and meat, and that, as the doubts concerning human immunity from bovine tuberculosis raised by Dr. Koch were of vital importance to the public health and the agricultural interests of the country, the Government should immediately institute a rigid inquiry into the identity of human and bovine tuberculosis. The most notable point in the discussions of the Congress, apart from Dr. Koch's novel assertion, is found in the emphasis laid on the importance of legislation against expectoration in public and the universal agreement that the human sputum is far the most common method of transmission of disease, hereditary transmission being in the opinion of all the experts either absolutely non-existent or so slight as to be of no practical consequence. It was stated that sixty thousand persons die yearly in Great Britain from tuberculosis, and that nearly a third of all British cattle are in some degree affected by it.

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The Fosburg Case If the interview reported with the Chief of Police, of Pittsfield, Mass, is authentic, it ought to be possible to inflict upon him some penalty for his offense. In this interview he is reported to have said that he "never really expected to fasten the crime upon the defendant;" that "when Robert Fosburg was indicted it was for the purpose of showing that Pittsfield was not the home of burglars." To use a criminal court for any other purpose than that of bringing the person guilty of crime to punishment is a real, though it may not be a legal, contempt of court. It can be distinguished from malicious prosecution only because the element of actual malice against the accused is wanting. It certainly should be a sufficient ground for impeachment and removal from office. It is indeed difficult for the readers of the press to understand how the District Attorney ever consented to recommend indictment, or how the Grand Jury ever found one upon the evidence presented in this case. To convict an accused of murder, three things are absolutely necessary: first, proof of the death; secondly, evidence sufficient to at least indicate a probable motive on the part of the accused; and thirdly, the exclusion of every other reasonable hypothesis to account for the death. The death of May Fosburg was proved. In order to suggest a motive in the brother for the homicide, the hypothesis of a family quarrel was invented, but no evidence whatever was adduced on the trial to support this hypothesis; and all the circumstantial evidence, as reported, confirmed the statement of the members of the family that the murder was committed by a masked burglar. Nothing can ever compensate the Fosburg family for the cruel injustice of this trial following upon the murder, and adding tragedy to tragedy; nor have we seen anything to palliate the offense of the Chief of Police who was behind the prosecution. The evidence in the case was so clear that the Judge took the matter out of the hands of the jury and directed a verdict for the defendant, and the jury, being afterward informally polled, declared that they would have unanimously rendered such a verdict without hesitation if the Judge had not taken the case out of their hands.

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The Brooklyn Bridge It is inevitable that any mishap or threatened danger connected with the Brooklyn Bridge should inspire sensational and excessively excited articles in the daily papers, and that these should arouse serious apprehensions in the minds of the many thousands who use the bridge daily. As we understand the facts, the main structure of the bridge is strong and sound beyond question. The two great towers which support the cables and the four great cables which support the roadway are, we believe, admitted by all engineers to be capable of bearing, not only all the weight which is now placed on them, but much greater weight. This may all be true, however, while it may also be true that the connections between the cables and the trusses which support the roadway may be insufficient for the weight which has been placed upon the bridge. The points where the breaks occurred in the suspension rods connecting the trusses with the cables, and in the steel circular bands by which the rods are fastened to the cables,

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would, at first thought, at least, seem to indicate that this is the case. Various explanations of the breaks have been given by engineers, and the public have again been allowed to see, in this case as in many others, that expert testimony is not always harmonious. It has been asserted that the breaks were due to rust caused by leaving certain parts of the rods unpainted; it has been asserted that these rods were strained by heat expansion, and that sufficient allowance had not been made for this; it has been asserted, also, that the enormous increase of weight on the bridge on account of the present trolley system and the placing of heavy tubes and other weights on the bridge have caused the breaks. In any of these cases it is a simple matter of construction and engineering ability to replace the broken parts; the real question of importance is whether there is a continued strain which will make breaks of this kind probable in the future. If this is so, it is certainly not beyond the power of modern engineering skill to reconstruct, truss by truss and suspensory rod by suspensory rod, that part of the structure which connects the bridge proper with the suspensory cables. Another question of very great importance which has come up is that of inspection of the bridge. The bridge engineers claim that continuous inspection goes on, but it does not appear that this inspection has been systematic. The very fact that the breaks which have just been mended were discovered by a police officer, and not by an engineer or inspector, and the additional fact that there were several breaks and that they probably did not occur simultaneously, tend to show that there is need of systematic inspection at stated hours and of regular and accurate reports to the engineers in authority. The lack of such systematic inspection has been ascribed by some writers to the fact that too many of the bridge officers owe their appointments to political influences rather than to special skill and experience. If this be true, it is only one more argument for such a thorough municipal reform to follow the elections of this fall as shall make even such suspicions impossible. The argument usually brought against municipal ownership of such public highways as the bridge is this very danger of political appointments to the posts and offices involved.

Speed in Air and Water While it cannot be affirmed that the problem of sailing through the air at will has been solved, several achievements in the last few years have made great advances. Dirigible balloons—that is, balloons that can be steered by the navigator—have been manufactured by several aeronauts, and have made partially successful flights. The latest was that of M. Santos-Dumont, who, about two weeks ago, started from St. Cloud, near Paris, sailed to and around the Eiffel Tower, and returned to a spot near his starting place, where, however, his landing resulted in the wrecking of his machine. A speed of thirteen and a half miles an hour was attained. M. Santos-Dumont failed to win a large money prize offered by an enthusiastic French scientist for such a voyage under stated conditions only because he exceeded the time limit. It is admitted, however, that his balloon was dirigible—if the wind was not too strong, a rather important if. Like the other dirigible balloons—those of Krebs, Zeppelin, and others—that of M. Santos-Dumont was extremely expensive to make, difficult and delicate to manage, and the margin between the power evolved by the motor and the resistance of a moderate wind was small. Not a few scientists maintain that the fixed relations between weight of possible material in balloon construction and power obtainable are such that for practical and useful purposes the problem of air-navigation is really fundamentally impossible of solution. Meanwhile the navigators of the ocean are vying with the aerial experimenters in proposing new methods of propulsion. The steam turbine machinery, invented by Mr. Parsons, has passed beyond the experimental stage. Extraordinary speed has been attained in small yachts, and now a good-sized passenger steamer has been built with turbine machinery. The King Edward, lately launched on the Clyde, has had trial trips with excellent results; the vessel is 250 feet long, 30 feet wide, and the average speed of her trial trips was almost 20½ knots an hour; taking into account size, weight, and coal consumption, this compares not unfavorably with the magnificent record made last week by the Deutschland, of the Hamburg Line, of an

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average speed of 23.51 miles per hour for the whole distance from New York to Plymouth. The future of the turbine system seems assured, and the inventors are confident that it will soon be applied to mercantile purposes and even to the ocean passenger traffic. Several advantages are claimed, among them absence of vibration, saving of space, and increased speed with decreased expense.

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Bishop Westcott The cable announces the death of the Rt. Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Bishop of Durham, on Sunday, July 28, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was successively Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, Canon in Peterborough Cathedral, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and Bishop of Durham, but these well-deserved honors given to him by his Church are less significant than the honor given to him by the Church universal for his public services to the cause of scholarship and of human progress. He represented the best type of English character. He had the fine scholarship of the German without his scholasticism, and the modern spirit of the American without his superficiality. "The Greek New Testament," by Drs. Westcott and Hort, is recognized by all scholars as the final authority in textual criticism. His "Commentary upon the Gospel of St. John" combines the excellence of minute scholarship with spiritual insight, and, in spite of the advances which have been made in New Testament criticism in recent years, his "History of the Canon of the New Testament" still holds a front rank in books of its class. His interest in Biblical criticism, in which he was a recognized authority, because a progressive, though cautiously progressive, leader, did not so absorb his thought as to leave him no time for the more practical side of life. In his diocese is a large mining population, and he interested himself, not only in the men as individuals, but in the social problems with which they were concerned. He was President of the Christian Social Union from its foundation, and his utterances on the labor question are in their way as radical, in the true sense of that word, as those of Tolstoï, without being in the least doctrinaire. He had in his diocese the universal esteem of the workingmen because he had for them that respect which is more than sympathy. To the charge sometimes made that the Christian ministry does not dare to apply to social questions the precepts and principles which Jesus Christ inculcated, a quite adequate answer is furnished by pointing to the teachings of Bishop Westcott, and to the honor given to him by the Church, not in spite of but by reason of his courageous Christian teaching.

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The Hampton Conference The fifth annual Negro Conference, held at Hampton, Va., during the third week of July, was devoted to discussion of the practical improvement of conditions and reports of work actually done. Statistics presented showed nearly a million acres in Virginia now owned by negroes, and taxable property valued at over sixteen millions. Negro children make a third of the total public school enrollment, and their teachers receive a fifth of the whole sum paid by the State for teaching. A strong argument for compulsory education appears in the fact that the proportion of negro criminals in the Virginia penetentiary to the total number of criminals is about equal to the proportion of negro illiterates to the illiteracy of the State, viz., four-fifths. Principal Washington, of Tuskegee, in his opening address, insisted on the importance of education in agriculture for all who must earn their living from the soil, as nine-tenths of negro children must. At present less than one per cent of the negro school population of the country are being taught anything of that kind. Mr. Washington believes that agriculture is destined to be made part of every school course throughout the country, just as arithmetic is, and hopes that the negro will take the lead in that direction. In his optimistic view of present tendencies he said:

> In the last two or three months I have met two men who, to a large degree, typify what is to come. One is an ex-Confederate soldier and ex-slaveholder. He came to me a short time ago and said: "Mr. Washington, I've got converted to love the negro, and it's much harder than it is to love Christ." This man pays $400 every year towards the support of a negro school, and he not only gives money but service. The other man is a black man, an

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ex-slave who cannot read and write. Last year, after paying all his debts, he had $75 in cash left. He gave $10 of this money to Tuskegee for the education of a negro boy, and $10 more to a white school in his native town for the education of a white boy. These two types represent the kind of men that will come in the future—Southern white men who will be ashamed of narrowness and prejudice, and colored men who will realize that they must lay aside their narrowness and their prejudice. Let us not be discouraged.

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The Epworth League

The choice of San Francisco for the fifth International Convention of the Epworth League, July 18–21, seems to have been made with a view to the encouragement of the pioneer and missionary work of Methodism in the Pacific States. The call was heartily responded to, thirty to forty special trains of "Leaguers" arriving in the course of thirty-six hours, while admirable organization joined with lavish hospitality in welcoming the crowds. Nothing is more unique in American life than the ease with which these "movable feasts" of great churches are transferred back and forth between the Far East and the Far West. The Epworth League, which ranks next in numbers among similar organizations of young people to the undenominational Society of Christian Endeavor, was formed in 1889 by the consolidation of various small societies previously existing. Its chapters now extend from Norway to Malaysia, in a score of foreign lands, and spread through four great branches of Methodism in the United States and Canada. Particularly noticeable in its programme was the prominence given to the moral and social interests of religion—a feature which has been observable in other recent conventions of similar societies—by such topics as "The Young Christian as a Citizen," "Civic Righteousness," "The City and its Perils," "The Problem of the Poor," "The Church and the Newspaper," etc. Missionary and benevolent work, including systematic benevolence, formed another leading group of subjects, in connection with which there was a large exhibit of missionary and educational work. Sunrise prayer-meetings, as well as other notes of enthusiasm, showed the old-time glow of Methodist responsiveness to the new occasions that teach new duties. The Epworth League now numbers 20,000 "Senior" chapters and 7,300 "Junior," the former increasing by a thousand chapters annually. Its president is Bishop I. W. Joyce. The numbers and spirit of the conventions and conferences of young Christians held this summer exhibit an incalculable hope of remedy for the moral evils rife in American society. They accentuate the responsibility resting upon their leadership for a practical identification of religious interest with the need of social progress in all righteousness.

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The Jewish Chautauqua Society

Among the later outgrowths of Bishop Vincent's prolific idea this is as vigorous and promising as any of its predecessors. Its fifth annual Assembly, held at Atlantic City, N. J., during the last three weeks of July, demonstrated the large interest it is gaining among Jews throughout the country—twenty-six States, besides Canada, being represented on the list of its patrons. The aim of the Society and its affiliated Chautauqua circles is "to bring it about that the Jew shall study and know himself." It is said to be reaching the Jewish people more directly and efficiently in the lines of need than any other Jewish institution in the country. The need, as viewed by the Society, is "to create a new birth of the Jewish spirit," both to contend with bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, and for constructive effort in the promotion of the moral life in the largest sense of the words. Among the subjects on its programme—historical, ethical, educational, sociological, philanthropical, literary, Biblical—none seemed to rouse keener interest than the conference on "the Social Side of Synagogue Life." In opening it the Rev. Dr. Stolz, of Chicago, said that the synagogue, which up to the nineteenth century had been the center of Jewish life, had shrunk into a shadow of its former self since the emancipation of the Jew had introduced him to a larger participation in the world's life. To vitalize Jewry with the old fraternal feeling, remove the barriers between rich and poor, and bring the front and rear pews together, the old idea of the synagogue as the *Beth Hakeneseth*, "the meeting-house," must be revived. To accomplish this, said he, "many congregations

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must change their laws and habits, and many synagogues must be built on new lines." The animated discussion of this address made it plain that Jews as well as Christians are engaged with the problems created by the cleavage of social classes and those that have called into being the institutional church. The history of the Jews in modern Europe and America was another of the more prominent topics. Professor Gottheil, of Columbia, dwelt upon the part the Jews had borne on this continent since the day when Columbus's ship sailed with three Jewish mates and a Jewish physician. The commercial development of Newport, R. I., he said, was largely due to Aaron Lopez, in 1750, and Jews had taken an active part in the Revoluntionary War. Professor Gottheil in another lecture sketched the divergence between orthodox and reforming Jews, and affirmed that in "Zionism" is the bond which will effectively hold together the divergent elements. "The greatest Jewish reformer in this country [meaning, we suppose, Dr. Felix Adler] is doing just what Paul the Apostle did to Judaism. Without the lines that unite us to the past we are bound to dissolve." Such a line he found in Zionism, to which most orthodox Jews are attached. The proceedings of the Assembly may be found succinctly reported in the "Assembly Record" (Philadelphia). "The Menorah Monthly," of New York, under new management, will henceforth sustain to the Jewish Chautauqua the relation which "The Chautauquan" sustains to the Chautauqua circles throughout the country. Its editor will be the Rev. Dr. Harris, of New York, an active leader in the new movement.

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A New Bible School in New York

The conviction, which has for some time found frequent and even forcible expression, that Sunday-school teaching is the weakest point in the present organization of the Church, has naturally prompted efforts to supply what is lacking. A few weeks ago we reported the successful work during the past year of the Bible Teachers' College recently established at Montclair, N. J. Provision for a less advanced and more preoccupied class of students is now announced by the Union Theological Seminary in New York. It is particularly planned for Sunday-school teachers, men or women, re idents of the city and vicinity. A complete course in the English Bible and in pedagogy will be given in popular form, following the text-book and recitation method rather than the lecture method, and a Sunday-school teacher's diploma will be conferred on those who complete the course. The plan includes extension work in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and as far as Newark from the seminary as a center, with as many churches as require it, in either the lecture or the text-book method, as desired, from November 1 to May 1. Thus systematic Biblical study is following the course of development taken by theological study. A score of years ago the inchoate demand for it was supplied by pastors, like Dr. Meredith in Brooklyn, as in Boston previously, meeting large assemblies of teachers for weekly study of the Sunday lessons. Just so divinity students used to resort to learned ministers before the establishment of theological seminaries a century ago.

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Bible Study in Palestine

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, has planned for a part of the theological course of next year to be taken in Palestine. A class limited to twenty will sail from New York about the middle of December, with Professor Shailer Mathews, author of the recently published handbook, "New Testament Times in Palestine," as its instructor. The class will make Jerusalem, where the American School for Oriental Research and Study will be at work under Professor H. G. Mitchell, of the Boston University, its headquarters for four weeks, with several excursions weekly to points of interest. Two weeks are assigned to a camping tour through Samaria, Galilee, and the region of Decapolis beyond Jordan. Damascus and Baalbek will be visited from Beirût. In simultaneous study of the Land and the Book, the illustrative interpretation of the Bible will go on continually, and original work in this will be expected of the students. Special courses will be given by Professor Mathews in historical geography and the life of Jesus. Before returning the class is expected to visit Cairo, Smyrna, Ephesus, Athens,

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Naples, and Rome. Members of the class will register as students in the University, and will receive credit for work done by them, as if residing at the University. This new line of personally conducted Bible study is sagaciously initiated, and it is to be hoped will show such results as to give it permanence.

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A Farm Laborers' Union

The long-talked-of Farm Laborers' Union has this year a local habitation in some parts of Kansas. A correspondent of The Outlook at Wichita writes us that the union had its origin in the system of employment agencies established in several centers by an anti-union contractor to furnish farmers with the extra hands required to harvest their wheat. The men collected together at these agencies, saw that the farmers' need of workers was greater than their own need of work, and agreed among themselves to unite in demanding $2.50 a day instead of $2 for the day's work (sunrise to sundown) during the harvest season. The men already at work on various farms co-operated with the movement, and the farmers were obliged to pay the $2.50 demanded or lose a good part of the crops. Our correspondent states that "walking delegates have been employed by the Farm Laborers' Union," and that the same kind of labor struggles that now go on in manufacturing industries are likely soon to prevail upon the farms. This prediction, however, he prudently limits to farms where a large number of extra hands are required at special seasons. Fortunately, these farms are less numerous than they were a generation or two ago. The inventions of farm machinery have rendered the ordinary farmer relatively independent of outside help, and in the Middle States, where diversified farming is the rule, there is rarely any need of importing gangs of men for special seasons. Even in the wheat district of the West, the diversified farm is gaining steadily upon the single-crop farm, and with this gain the demand for extra laborers during the harvest season lessens. When employment is steady, and the farm hand is engaged for the whole year, the personal relations between himself and his employer are too close to make the development of strong unionism possible.

A Year's Progress in Education

Looking back over the scholastic year just closed, the most prominent facts are the influence of the educational exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1900; the great gift of Andrew Carnegie in aid of the Scottish universities; the growing prominence of the educational problem in England; the retirement of President Gilman after a quarter-century of service as President of the Johns Hopkins University; the noteworthy celebration of the completion of the first decade of the history of the University of Chicago, and the incorporation in the university of the Chicago Institute for the training of teachers, endowed by Mrs. Emmons Blaine; the steady growth of sound ideas and policies in the domain of public education in the large cities, as evidenced by the increased influence and authority of Superintendent Maxwell in New York and by the educational provisions contained in the newly revised charter for that city, by the reception accorded to the progressive policy of Superintendent Van Sickle at Baltimore, as well as by the re-election and hearty support of Superintendents Seaver, of Boston, Soldan, of St. Louis, Boone, of Cincinnati, and Cooley, of Chicago; the unqualified success of institutional co-operation on a large scale as manifested in the College Entrance Examination Board of the Middle States and Maryland; and the foundation of the Washington Memorial Institution at the National capital to co-operate with the universities of the country in promoting scientific research through the use of the Government laboratories and collections. With each of these topics we must be content with the briefest possible reference.

The significance of the several educational exhibits at the Paris Exposition was marked in two ways: first, by the renewed interest which they aroused in technical and commercial education; and, secondly, by the lesson taught by the exhibit from the schools of the United States, and commented on from one end of Europe to the other, that effectiveness is best promoted by the development of general information and intelligence in the early school years, and by the consequent postpone-

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ment of specialized instruction and training. In France, Germany, and England, and elsewhere as well, an influential body of opinion has held that the earlier a child is put in the line of direct preparation for his future occupation the better; American experience and American theory point to the contrary policy, and they unite in enforcing the position that general intelligence, well and thoroughly trained, is the best possible basis for future effectiveness in special lines. In America, therefore, the elementary school wholly and the secondary school in large part are given over to general education and not to the training of particular aptitudes. The exhibit at Paris fully justified the American contention, and European educationists are openly suggesting that something like the American plan must be adopted there also.

Since the foundations that bear the name of Wykeham and Balliol, nothing so epoch-making has happened in the higher education of Great Britain as Mr. Carnegie's colossal gift of two million pounds sterling for the benefit of the Scottish universities. It is the example rather than the amount of the gift, as Mr. Bryce has already told the House of Commons, that will be most influential. Great Britain has never learned to endow higher education munificently with private funds. It has made the most petty provision for research, and when Harvard and Columbia, Cornell and Chicago, have been in receipt of princely sums from private donors, Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and St. Andrews, have been slowly starving, while great landowners and merchant princes have looked on and wondered at the niggardliness of Parliament! Mr. Carnegie puts such men to shame, and it is hard to believe that his example will not be followed, and followed generously, by the wealthy men and women of Great Britain.

The withdrawal of Dr. Gilman from active service and the celebration of the Chicago decennial remind us of the reality of the new university dispensation under which money and administrative skill accomplish what time alone was once competent to do. With Berlin, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago before us, it is unreasonable to hold that universities cannot now be made. The mobility of scholars and of scholarship, and the modern-day annihilation of time and space, so far as regards the ordinary business of life, have brought even that to pass. In one brief generation the higher education of the United States has been wholly revolutionized, and the part taken in the revolution by these newest of university creations has been highly influential, as all the world knows.

The horizon of public education in the large cities is clearer than for a long time past. To those in New York who believe in the total elimination of the school service from politics and from local "pull," in the provision of adequate and assured funds for teachers' salaries, in the enforcement of a high standard of professional attainment and efficiency, and in non-interference with the chief educational officers in the performance of their statutory duties, everything that law can give has been given by the new charter which takes effect on January 1, 1902. The leaders of the present Board of Education, though in political sympathy with Tammany Hall, are beyond the reach of the malign influences of that organization, and they are bending every energy to build and equip sufficient school-houses and to support the statesmanlike policy of Superintendent Maxwell, which is rapidly lifting the New York City schools up to a high place among those of the world's great cities. In Philadelphia and in Pittsburg the situation is far from satisfactory, although Superintendent Brooks, of the former city, is doing all that a man can do to surmount the obstacles that personal and political influence put in his path. In Boston there is a temporary truce, and Superintendent Seaver is still in office, but there seems to be no great amount of confidence that hostilities will not be renewed sooner or later by those who look upon public schools as political spoils. In Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Cincinnati things are moving forward, while in Cleveland the forces of darkness were met in sharp combat and completely routed.

During the year a group of the strongest colleges in the Middle States and Maryland have been demonstrating that that ancient bugbear and mortal enemy of sound secondary education, the college admission examination, is not an insoluble

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problem. Fifteen colleges united with the secondary schools to form a college entrance examination board, which has successfully conducted examinations on a uniform plan, at one and the same time, in sixty-one cities and towns throughout the United States and at several places in Europe. These examinations represent the co-operative effort of the best colleges and the best schools, and provide a single standard of attainment for secondary school pupils instead of the multiform and varying standards which have hitherto prevailed. From every point of view the work which has been so auspiciously begun is noteworthy, and it bids fair to take rank with the most far-reaching educational movements of our time. We commend it most heartily to the attention of every college and secondary school teacher in the land.

In the Washington Memorial Institution all that was best and wisest in the movement for a National university seems to us to have come to fruition. Against a National university many and weighty arguments may certainly be urged, and these are stated with great force in the important report on the subject, just made public, by the committee of the National Educational Association which has had the matter under consideration for three years past. On the other hand, the vast resources of the Government at Washington ought to be used in all possible ways for the advancement of science and the arts, both liberal and useful. Congress has given its consent to this use, and now the Washington Memorial Institution has come into existence to be the effective agent in the matter. The Institution is in no sense a university, but it will co-operate with universities, colleges, scientific associations, and scholars generally in making the Governmental laboratories and collections useful for research. Director Walcott, of the United States Geological Survey, is chairman of the board of trustees, and Dr. Gilman, who will turn over the presidency of the Johns Hopkins University to his successor in September, will shortly thereafter begin to organize the work of the Washington Memorial Institution as its director. Every important influence in the Nation's educational system is interested in the new Institution, and there is every reason to expect from it a distinguished service to the country and to science.

For some time to come all educational eyes will be fixed on the British Parliament. Can and will Great Britain provide a universal and effective system of public education, elementary and secondary, under non-ecclesiastical control? This is, in essence, the question which Parliament must presently face. A powerful party in England thinks of State schools, and talks of them, as mere charity schools, to be economically maintained and kept within the narrowest limits. This party is reinforced by another and equally powerful party which holds strenuously that all education must be religious in character and must include doctrinal teaching. A small but growing party, supported by what we in America should consider the best expert educational opinion, would answer flatly in the affirmative the crucial question as put above. With a newly chosen Parliament, and one controlled by the Conservative party, to decide the question, at least for the present, it is fairly obvious that the best expert educational opinion will not have its way. Just what form of compromise emerges from the struggle remains to be seen.

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The Reform of the Theater

Those who have read Mr. Norman Hapgood's suggestive essays in the "Contemporary Review," the "International Monthly," the "Atlantic Monthly," and other magazines must have been impressed with his clear vision on the subject of the drama in general, but of modern methods of conducting theaters in particular. In his recently published volume on "The Stage in America"[1] the most important chapter seems to us that in which he gives his views on what really makes a theater worth while. This judgment must be depressing to those who, like Mr. Hapgood, would presumably rather talk and read about Shakespeare and Schiller, Rostand and Ibsen, than to talk and read about the methods of stage production. Much as we like the chapters in the present volume on classic and contemporary dramatists, full as they are of

[1] *The Stage in America: 1897–1900.* By Norman Hapgood. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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original comment and criticism, we turn to the chapter entitled "Our Only High-Class Theater," feeling that, at the present juncture, it contains more timeliness than all the others combined.

According to Mr. Hapgood, and according to many other lovers of the drama, "our only high-class theater" is the Irving Place Theater in New York City, commonly called the German Theater, now that the old Thalia is given over to Yiddish plays and Yiddish audiences. At the Irving Place Theater may be seen, in German, more classics than those given by any of our English-speaking companies. And at this theater the drama in general is on a higher plane than it is in any other theater in the metropolis. It is even on a higher plane than was drama at Daly's Theater during the lifetime of Mr. Daly. With the breaking up of the Daly company, the last of the old "stock companies" was dissolved. Wallack's, that other almost equally well-known company across the street, had disappeared a decade ago, and the less known but really better Boston Museum company had been dissolved earlier still. It is interesting to note, however, that the German Theater does not represent the only stock company now playing in New York City. At the Murray Hill Theater may be found a company which varies its bill frequently and follows stock-company methods. We hope that it may be the beginning of a great American company, just as we hope that Mr. Benson's ven ture in England may be the beginning of a great English company which shall continue to revive the better class of English acting. Already it has brought back to the stage dramas unknown to the present generation of London playgoers.

Mr. Hapgood points out several causes for the superiority of the Irving Place Theater. First, not only is the German taste more serious, but as, in general, German-Americans represent no large floating population (an important element in the support of the Broadway theaters), changes of bills are more compulsory. Of course, this theater does not make as much money as a good many of the Broadway houses make. Mr. Conried, its Director, said the other day that, if he were simply looking for business, he could find a better business than running a theater, but he thinks (and this is what distinguishes him from some of his contemporaries) that running a theater ought to be taken more as an art than as a trade. In furtherance of this aim, Mr. Conried has been endeavoring to extend his influence among those classes of people who want to see the very best that can be put on the stage. In this respect he hopes much from the professors and students of our colleges. To stimulate them he has given lectures at some of our leading universities, and he has also given performances at colleges at his own expense. He reasons correctly that young men who have gained some smattering of German at college, and have thus early had their attention called to an opportunity of continually adding to their knowledge of dramatic literature, will be guided by it, not only in their own habits, but also in those of their children.

It is such an earnest purpose as this of Mr. Conried's, impressively emphasized by Mr. Hapgood, that we are glad to note with special emphasis. The present degenerate and deplorable condition of American theaters, but especially of those in New York City, is only too evident. The one way to redeem these theaters is to return to the earlier, healthier, and more stimulating plan of the stock companies. Such a plan does not rule out star rôles. As we have seen at the German Theater this winter, and at other theaters, single actors and actresses have been permitted to join these stock companies as stars, and during such an engagement the plays given are naturally those deemed suitable alike for stars and for stock actors. The friendliness between audience and actor, however, which has existed for scores of years at the Théâtre Français in Paris, and which is beginning to exist at the Irving Place Theater in New York City, ought to be repeated in many an American city. It is true that the unvarying personality of certain actors may be accurately displayed in one or two plays, and that they may acquire just renown thereby; but what the great public admires in an actor is versatility, and they love to see a great favorite like the late Got, for instance, now as a patriarch, now as a brigand, now as a lover.

The principal reason, however, for the formation of stock companies is for

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the education of the public, not merely for their diversion. It is impossible to see a farce put on at the stages of the Comédie Française in Paris or the Burg Theater in Vienna or the Irving Place Theater in New York City without longing to see how a classic drama would be presented, and thus the man who is merely drawn to one of these theaters to be amused comes again to be instructed. The believer in idealism thus finds that he has some practical chance, because art, not merely "business," is emphasized.

Not until the theater becomes a representative of art, not until the theater manager has some art ambition, can we hope for a theater which will be really creditable to either manager, actors, or the supporting audience.

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Wasted Courage

Courage is one of the prime qualities in strong character. Without it, no man can command either his own respect or the respect of others; with it, the greatest faults are in a sense redeemed and smaller faults obliterated. One great act of courage sometimes atones for the weaknesses of a lifetime, and, like a splendid mantle, covers many deformities. But courage divorced from duty is often mere rashness, idle braggadocio, inexcusable waste of strength, opportunity, and sometimes of life. No man has a right to jeopardize himself or the things which are precious to him unless some worthy end is to be served. To put everything at the disposal of a great occasion or a great duty is to evidence one's devotion to some noble cause or some great ideal, but to jeopardize all one's fortunes for mere caprice or display, or in a foolhardy mood, is to gamble with the things which are most precious. William of Orange never lacked that cool courage which is the very highest form of a great quality. On one occasion on a battlefield in Flanders when, under a heavy fire of bullets, he was giving orders to the members of his staff, he discovered near him the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, drawn to the place by mere curiosity. The King said to him sharply, "Sir, you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you are of no use to us here." "I run no more hazard than your Majesty," the man answered. "Not so," said the King; "I am here where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping, but you—" The sentence was left incomplete because the man fell dead at the King's feet. It was a foolish courage and it cost a life. No good end was served; the man gambled with that which did not belong to him and lost it by a throw of the iron dice of war. William, on the other hand, lived in constant peril, but that peril was a part of his work; and when he fell at last by the hand of a cowardly assassin in the little narrow hallway at the foot of the staircase in the old palace at Delft, he fell in the place to which the hand of God had led him; that is to say, at the identical spot where he ought to have been in the discharge of his duty. The greatest risks are justified when they are taken as a part of one's work; but no man has a right to brave them simply as a matter of indifference to danger, or as an occasion for the display of a foolhardy courage. Life is too precious to be wasted in sham battles.

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The Divinity of Christ

The letter from a correspondent, which we print on another page, affords a curious illustration of the infelicities of theological controversy. The Outlook has never intimated that the story of the Virgin birth is a myth, or that the worship of Christ is man-worship, or that he is not the supreme Son of God in a sense not shared by our common humanity, or that he is not to be the object of our faith in himself as a divine being, or that he is simply a great prophet born of an earthly father. We reaffirm here the faith which The Outlook, in all its teaching, ethical and spiritual, assumes, and we reaffirm it substantially as it was affirmed in the editorial which our correspondent has apparently read with so little care and to so little purpose: We believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the express image of his person; that God was in Christ and that Christ was God manifest in the flesh; and we believe that this was true in such a sense that he who has seen, that is, known, Christ, has seen, that is, known, the Father. Or, if this is not plain

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enough, we will state it in the exact words of John in the prologue to his Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." Or we will state it in the words of Augustine, whose orthodoxy our correspondent will probably not question: "The Son of God is both understood to be equal to the Father according to the form of God in which he is, and less than the Father according to the form of a servant which he took." Or we will state it in the words of a modern theologian, Dr. William Newton Clarke, of Colgate University, whose "Outline of Christian Theology" we regard as the most spiritual treatise on systematic theology we have ever seen: "Christ is the gift of the heart of God who desires to save the world. He comes to make known to men their true God, to infuse spirituality into their being and thus give to them eternal life." And we also reaffirm the declaration of the editorial that "Jesus Christ is not a substitute for God; he is access to God; and we are to bring to God all our love and all our worship and all our surrender, because we no longer worship an unknown God, but God made known to us through his Son;" and we repeat, condensing it, the further declaration that to do this it is not necessary to believe that Christ's unity with the Father is a metaphysical unity, or to know what the phrase metaphysical unity means, or to form any intellectual conception of the nature of the unity between Jesus Christ and his Father.

Mrs. L. P. Broad has written and the Kansas Congregational Home Missionary Society has published the following little story; hundreds of thousands of copies of it have been distributed; and it is reported, apparently authentically, that this little story has led hundreds to begin a Christian life:

Wi-yu's father and mother were pagans. She was a little Indian girl. She never heard a word about Jesus until she came to the mission. We were glad to take the children of pagans, even while both parents were living. One day Wi-yu walked up to me and said: "I want to give myself away to you." I was much surprised, but looked into the little girl's black eyes and said: "Why does Wi-yu wish to give herself to me?" "Because," said she simply, "I love you." After this, they all called Wi-yu my little girl.

One day while Wi-yu sat by my side learning how to hem a pocket handkerchief neatly, I asked her if she loved Jesus, of whom I had been talking to her. "No," she said, "I do not; but I want to. I want to be a Christian, but I'm too little.

"But Jesus says, 'Suffer the *little* children to come unto me.'"

"I don't know how to go to him; I don't know what to do," said she.

"Wi-yu," said I, "you must give yourself away to him." She looked at me in surprise.

"How can I do that?" she exclaimed.

"How did you give yourself away to *me?*"

"I came to you and asked you to take me, because I love you."

"Why do you love me, dear?" She hesitated a moment, and then answered, "I think it must be because you love me."

"Yes, Wi-yu, that's just the reason. Now, Jesus has been loving you all this time, while you have not been caring in the least for him."

She stopped sewing and sat very still awhile, thinking. I did not say a word, because I knew the Holy Spirit was teaching her. At last she said:

"Would Jesus be willing for me to give myself away to him just as I did to you?"

"Certainly, my dear child; that is exactly what he wants you to do. He wants *all* of you, too. He wants your little feet to run for him, your lips and tongue to speak for him, and your whole heart to love him."

After some more quiet thinking, Wi-yu knelt by my side and said: "My dear Jesus, I give myself away to you. I give you my hands, my feet, my mouth, my tongue, and my heart; I give you all of myself. Please take me, dear Jesus." She arose and said:

"Do you think he heard me?"

"I am sure of it," said I; "and you will find his answer in your little Testament." Together we found these precious words in her Indian Testament: "Any one that cometh unto me, I will not thrust aside." Believing that Jesus meant just what he said, she from this moment knew that she was his own, dear, saved child.

If no one can be a Christian unless he believes that Jesus Christ is truly God, and that the unity of Christ with his Father was a metaphysical unity, then Mrs. Broad seriously erred. She should have explained to Wi-yu what the phrase "metaphysical unity" means—if she herself knew; we somewhat doubt whether any one does—and should have explained to Wi-yu that she could not be a Christian until she understood. We think that Mrs. Broad was right in her interpretation of Christianity, and that Mrs. Parish is wrong. We do not criticise or controvert Mrs. Parish's theories; we simply regard

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them as of no practical importance. We emphatically deny that any theological theories respecting the relation of Jesus Christ to the Father are a condition of acceptance with Christ. We condemn such a misconception respecting the relations of intellectual theories to the religious life as irrational, unscriptural, and pernicious. It is irrational because it substitutes theories about life for life itself; it is unscriptural because it substitutes a mediæval and scholastic test of character for the simple test which Christ prescribed, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love;" it is pernicious because it shuts the door of the kingdom of God against the humble, the uneducated, the little children, and because it turns the zeal of men away from doing the work of the Master in simple loyal service and incites them to doubtful disputations about words and phrases which have different meanings to the different disputants, and to many mean nothing at all. To be a Christian is not to have a theory about Christ's relation to the Father, ancient or modern, conservative or liberal; it is to love him because he loves us, to give ourselves to him because he has given himself to us, and to set our feet to run for him, and our hands to work for him, and our lips and tongue to speak for him, because our whole heart loves him.

THE END IN EDUCATION

I.—An Address by Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D.[1]

President of Yale University.

IN the whole ordering of our educational life there are two tendencies against which we have to fight. One of these is the tendency to measure the value of knowledge by its utility to the individual; the other, the tendency to pursue knowledge for its own sake, without reference to its value to any one at all.

The first of these dangers is perhaps the more universal. It is seen in our primary schools, in the demands for the teaching of science, which is supposed to be practical. It is seen in secondary education, in a call for the knowledge of those parts of language and history which the pupil is expected to be able to use, and those parts only; in methods of study of society which lay stress on the mechanism of politics instead of attempting to evoke the underlying habits of broad judgment and public spirit. It is seen in our colleges and our professional schools, in the constant demand for the increase of purely technical training in comparison with general education.

Not that I would undervalue these things. Science-teaching and practical mastery of language, knowledge of governmental methods and technical preparation for professional work, are all good in their way. The demand for their increased recognition is but the natural reaction against the errors of a time when they were hardly recognized at all. But when these things are made the whole aim of education, and when a school system is valued by these tests alone, we are in danger of making knowledge at the expense of character, and of training practitioners at the expense of principle.

On the other hand, some of the teachers in our universities, in their protest against these utilitarian ideas of education, not only insist that knowledge is an end in itself, but make it the only end of education, and the *summum bonum* of intellectual and spiritual life. They look with compassion on the teacher who is occupied with the training of his pupils, as one who is debarred from the higher pursuits of classifying scientific phenomena or analyzing grammatical forms. Their ideal has, indeed, much that is noble. As a protest against prevailing commercialism it has special value at the present day. But when we are told, as we sometimes are, that such work is the only true goal of university life, and that scholarship is impossible if we are bent on the teaching of men instead of the teaching of ideas, we are justified in raising the strongest protest. This conception of scholarship

[1] Delivered at the semi-centennial of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., May 25, 1901.

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is like the conception of medicine which makes a hospital the place for experiments in pathology rather than a place for the cure of disease. It is an intellectual Pharisaism, which insists that man was made for the Sabbath, and deplores as a misfortune the necessity of living in a community which holds to the doctrine that the Sabbath was made for man.

There is a scholarship higher than that which is represented by either of these tendencies; a scholarship whose results are not valued for their own sake, and not for the sake of the utility to the individual, but for the sake of their effect on the community; a scholarship whose devotees regard themselves, and rightly regard themselves, as holding a trust for the benefit of the nation. Without this collective ideal, which in its political aspect is the foundation of true democracy and in its religious aspect the foundation of true Christianity, our practical studies will degenerate into selfishness, our scientific studies into microscopic isolation. It is not a misfortune, but a glory, to the colleges of America that they have, amid all their errors and failures, subordinated the individual to the community; that they have been less distinguished for the making of rich men or for the making of scientific specialists than for the making of citizens of a free commonwealth.

But our colleges cannot maintain this position single-handed. They are even less able to do so to-day than they were in times gone by. In spite of their growth in numbers, they now form a relatively smaller part of the educational world than they did two generations ago. At that time the work of the public schools was elementary, that of the private schools undeveloped. The college course was looked to as the thing which constituted education. The secondary school work was arranged to lead up to what the colleges did. The opening years of professional life were arranged to take the college graduate as they found him. But with the growth of high schools on one side and schools of theology and law and medicine on the other side, a different state of things has developed. Co-ordinate powers in the educational world have arisen, which demand that the colleges shall recognize that which they are doing, and adapt its work thereto. Thus crowded on both sides, the American college has become a place of intellectual experimentation, whereby a boy already well grounded in the rudiments shall find out the line to which he is best adapted before committing himself irrevocably to his profession.

In this new state of things the colleges have not the overwhelming power for character-building which they possessed under the old system. The range of choice of study interferes with the closeness of the community life. The possibility of specialization allows some men to be misled by commercial standards, and others by too narrow scientific ones. These dangers are increased by the current direction of the demand in the world outside, which, in the increasing specialization of trade and industry, is calling more for that knowledge of detail which will fit a man to take his place in a machine, and less—in the early stages of professional or business life—for that power which is necessary to keep the social order running without stoppage or revolution.

Here it is that the colleges find their strongest need for help from the schools, and here it is that they gain their strongest support from an institution like this.

When every other department of life is being organized into combinations, we cannot escape the same tendency in the world of teaching. If we are to preserve our independence as educators, we must as educators stand together. We must organize an educational trust, if we are to preserve our position in the modern world. The beginnings of this movement are already seen. The relations of the schools to the colleges, and of different schools and colleges to one another, are closer than they were ten years ago. The more completely the colleges are involved in the problem of regulating the intellectual experiments of the young men of the country, the more most of them rely upon the schools to train up, in the years immediately preceding, a body of men with that basis of intellectual and moral character which shall render such experiments profitable. Now as never before there is a need for schools which shall give to their boys the habit of valuing what is permanent as distinguished from what is transient. It is not necessary that their course should

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be classical in the narrow sense, but classical it must be in the broad sense, in laying stress on those things which have impressed themselves upon the world's experience as distinguished from those which are merely ephemeral. It is not necessary that their training should be predominantly religious in the sense of laying undue tension on any theological doctrine or any series of outward observations; but religious it must be in the sense that it teaches them from one day's end to the other to regard life as a trust held for the benefit of the community, and exercised with that regard for one's fellowmen which is the mark alike of the gentleman and the Christian. Thus shall we build up a race of men whose money and whose knowledge shall be made subservient to the good of the people.

II.—A Baccalaureate Sermon by Lyman Abbott[1]

THE world is God's workshop, and men and women are the products of his industry. The chips are all about us, and the products are far from finished—some perhaps never will be; we cannot tell. But we are in the world to be made: this is the end of life—the development of true men and true women, worthy to be called children of God. The process begins at the cradle; so far as this life is concerned, it ends when we drop the body into the grave, at what we call our day of death, but should call our day of resurrection, and rise up and go out from the school of earthly life to some other life, for some other preparation or for some possible achievements, we cannot tell what.

In this process we have to develop what we call our intellectual powers. We must learn to see, to hear, to touch; we must understand something of this outer world in which we live. We must know how to interrogate our own consciousness and understand something of the inward world, the world of thought and feeling. And we must learn how, by our reason, to draw conclusions from the things which we have learned from observation and from self-consciousness. This triple process, studying the outer world, studying the inner world, and deducing conclusions from what we have observed in both worlds, gives us what we call knowledge. And this which we call knowledge is acquaintance with God. It is acquaintance with the works which he has made and with the life which he has inspired. Our creeds are not too long; they are too short. They do not contain too much; they contain too little. They are not too complicated; they are too simple. We cannot depend on the theologian alone to tell us about God. We must go to the artist to tell us what is beauty, and to the musician to tell us what is harmony, and to the poet to tell us what is imagination, and to the father and the mother and the friend to tell us what is love; and all these are revelations of God. The difficulty with the creed is that it contains too little. Too few men have been working at it. It is made up of crystals; but all our beliefs should be seeds that are ever growing larger and bursting the shell within which they are placed. For we shall not begin to understand what knowledge is until we understand something of what God is, and we shall not begin to understand what God is so long as we confine our notions of divinity to those which are given to us by philosophers.

But we are not only thinking creatures; we are emotive. We have appetites and passions, desires and aspirations. Appetite, passion, acquisitiveness, approbativeness, self-esteem, ambition, as well as faith and hope and love—these are all impelling us in one direction or another. To be educated is not merely to know how to see the outer world, is not merely to interrogate the inner world, is not merely to deduce right conclusions from what we have observed: it is to know how to regulate this ill-regulated, passionate life within us; it is to understand how to be full of passion and yet keep it controlled, as the engineer keeps the fire controlled that makes the steam. A passionless creature is a poor, useless, ineffective creature. It is to know how

[1] Preached at Wellesley College Sunday, June 23, 1901, on the text: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—1 John iii., 2.

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to have the self-esteem that shall protect us, and yet that shall not make us hard and careless of others; how to have the love of approbation that shall make us care for the opinions of others and yet not make us a reed that is shaken with the wind; it is to know how to have the faith that shall see the invisible, and yet not to look so absorbedly at it as to overlook the world in which we live, a faith that shall never degenerate into fanaticism or superstition; it is to know how to have the hope that shall not so look into the life beyond as to allow us to scorn the life that is; and to have a love that shall never be mere sentimentalism.

And this education which gives us knowledge and which trains our moral powers gives us, if it be a true education, strong, resolute will. I have heard sometimes of fathers resolved to break the will of their children—they might better break their backs. The will is the very citadel of life. I have heard of men who think that strong wills are needed for men, but weak and pliable ones for women. No! The strong will is the essence of a strong character. The will is often compared to the helm of a ship. If one could only set the helm when he starts out from New York, and steer a straight course to Liverpool, navigation would be an easy matter. But that we cannot do. The helmsman must stand with his hand on the helm and must turn it to meet the deviation of the compass, the shifting currents, the baffling winds. It is not possible to steer an undeviating course, but only a steady one, and one must be always shifting his helm in order to keep a steady course. An obstinate man is one who ties the helm and goes to sleep. The strong-willed man is he who holds the helm and knows when to change it, in order to meet the changing currents of life.

This is education; to get knowledge, to get regulated passions and appetites and desires, and to get the strong will that gives us power over ourselves and masterful control in life. And all life is educative, for every stage in life is only preparation for another stage, and every problem in life is achieved only to have a more difficult problem given to us. The question came to the American colonies, Will you be free? Then you must fight for freedom. For seven years we fight and win our freedom, and then we say, Now we shall have peace. Again the question comes, Do you love freedom for yourselves only and not for others? For a score of years the question is presented; finally comes the Civil War; slavery is abolished, and again we say, Now we shall have peace. Then God straightway opens other territories, and says, You have won freedom for yourselves, now make other peoples free. The boy brings the solution of his problem on the slate to his teacher, and asks, Is the answer right? The teacher says yes, rubs the figures off, hands the slate back, and says, Now you can take a harder problem. So in life; every task is the preparation for a harder task, every achievement opens the way for greater achievement, every epoch is but the beginning of a new epoch.

The whole history of life shows that education is itself the end of life. The little child lies in the cradle; the mother cares for it, the father provides for it, they try to educate it, they send it to school and to college, and then their child goes out into the world ready to take up life himself, and presently he is married, and a second home begins, and little children are given to him, and he trains them in turn, and the parents wait a little while to have as grandparents the joy of children without the care of children, and then their work is done, and they depart to enter upon some other work, in some other sphere, we know not where.

We are not in life for purposes of probation; we are not here to be tried to see whether we are fit for heaven. There is probation, but probation is not the end of life. As in college there are examinations, not to show how much we know, but to ascertain whether we know enough to enter the next class, so in life our trials are to ascertain whether to-day we are ready for a new lesson to-morrow. We are not here for achievement. We are not here to do things, we are here to grow by the doing of things. We are in the workshop to learn industry. For life is an industrial school, and the purpose of its industry is to make us men and women. The end of life is not achievement, but life itself.

Now let me tell you why I have said this. A friend not long since read to me a

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very pathetic letter which he had received from a Christian woman, which ran something like this: "My husband has but a narrow income. We are not able to keep a servant unless we spend all his income, and I think now is the time to lay by a little for our old age. My boys are at school, and I want to spend a little time with them, entering into their studies, giving them what little help I can, assuring them at least of my sympathy. When my husband comes home at night, he is tired out, and I really do not see what better thing I can do then than to read to him, for his eyes are rather weak. And so with the housekeeping and the children and the husband, I have no time left to serve the Lord."

I think there are many such women and a few such men—more women than men, for the simple reason that women are more conscientious. You have gone through your college course. You are going out into life, and the temptation is to say to yourself, Now I must do something to justify the expenditure which has been put upon my education; I must find some mission to accomplish, some place to fill, some deed to do, else the time and money spent in school and college will have been spent in vain. This is an honorable feeling, but it is a mistaken one. We are not put into life for a mission; we are not put into life to do great things. We are put into life to be made men and women, and to do the things which God has put into our hands to do, be they great or be they little.

No person can do a great work who says to herself, Go to, I will do a great work. Great work is not done in that way. All great work is spontaneous. I was standing before a picture last week with an art critic, who said, She paints better than she used to; she has gotten through worrying about details. She had lost self-consciousness, and the loss improved her as an artist. The other day a literary critic said to me, No man can write a moral novel purposely; if he is a moral man, his novel will be moral; if he is an immoral man, his novel will be immoral, and that is the end of it. Out of our character grows our life; we do as we are. This is the reason of the popular feeling against the professional reformer. The man who says, I will be a reformer, generally lacks common sense; the man who says, I will be a prophet, is apt to lack common morality. Columbus starts to sail across the ocean that he may find a passage to the East Indies, and he stumbles on America. Luther is a monk, never purposing to revolutionize Europe, only determined that he will follow his conscience wherever it may lead him. Morse is an artist, and while on shipboard the idea of the telegraph comes to him, and he works it out. Lincoln is a politician in Illinois, with no thought of emancipating the slave, but he resolves that he will be true to himself, whether he wins or loses a Senatorial contest. All truly great men are spontaneously great. More than that, great men are not great merely because they succeed. A great man may fail. We revere the man who endeavors to do a mistaken thing, if he carries into his endeavors a noble character. We honor Robert E. Lee, though had he succeeded in what he wished to do, he would have inflicted incalculable injury on the human race. We honor him for what he was, not for what he did or tried to do.

But did not Jesus Christ have a great mission? And did not Jesus Christ tell us to follow him in this great mission? Can we be following him if we do not ourselves take up some great mission of our own? Look and see. In his first sermon he says practically this: I have come to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, solace to the suffering, emancipation to the slave. I have come to make the world a purer world and a better world. And then all his biography is written in the one sentence, "He went about doing good." Did he do great things? Forget your preconceived ideas and read the story of his life, and answer what one great thing this man did, as men count greatness. He wrote no great book, led no great army, founded no great State, organized no great Church, made no great oration. He talked to the Twelve about him at the supper with quite as much eloquence as he talked to the thousands in the Sermon on the Mount. He healed, but not so many as in one single year are healed in the Massachusetts General Hospital. He preached to a few hundreds, but not to as many as Whitefield or Wesley or Beecher

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or Phillips Brooks preached to in their lifetime. We love him, we revere him, we follow him, not for the great things he did, but for what he was.

And after his death he gave his disciples their mission, and he gives it to you; let me read it to you: "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this he breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit." What does that mean? What is the Holy Spirit? "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." What Christ tells us is this: This spirit was in me. I give it to you. Do you want it? Now go, and so live as to manifest it. The fruit of the spirit is love; what kind of love? every kind of love; be truer to your friends, love with a wider and a more catholic sympathy, be merciful and helpful to all who are in need. Joy! What kind of joy? Every kind of joy. The merriment that maketh glad like a medicine; the soberer joy of maturer life in active living; and, most sacred of all, the joy that illuminates sorrow and gives us a song in our night. Peace! Not merely the deliberate effort of a self-conscious peacemaker, who sees people quarreling and says, I must set these people right, and generally succeeds in setting them more at variance than before; but the spirit of peace which carries benediction in the presence of its possessor, the peaceful spirit of a loving heart. Meekness; the spirit that does not grasp; gentleness; the spirit that we call tact; goodness, that is serviceableness, the impulse to help wherever opportunity to help is given; temperance, or the power of self-control, the hand on the helm. Christ says, Take this spirit of life and then live your life naturally, spontaneously, unconsciously. Be, and the doing will come.

As Christ did his work, so God does his. We may learn something even from the agnostic, though I am no agnostic. God works—if I may so express myself—anonymously. He hides himself. He is not in the tempest, he is not in the earthquake, he is not in the fire, he is in the still, small voice. Ten thousand times ten thousand are those that feel some impulse to higher life, some aspiration to something better, some impulse to love, gentleness, mercy, some spiritual perception which comes they know not how, and which they think is from their own spontaneous life, but which comes from him; they are led and lighted by him and know it not. To go through life incognito as Christ went, unknown as God goes, and yet everywhere to carry this high, inspiring, quickening presence, this is supreme; this is best of all.

You are going out into the world, some of you into law, some into medicine, more into teaching, many of you back to your homes, to father and mother and your village. And perhaps sometimes you will say, Was it really worth while? I am not winning a great name, nor accomplishing a great mission, nor achieving any great result. Yes; it is most of all worth while to live in a home, the home that is made for you by another, or the home that you make for yourself, and on every branch of the home tree to hang the fruits of the indwelling spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, goodness, temperance.

When the orchestra is getting ready, and every artist is tuning his instrument by letting it down or bringing it up to the right key, and they are all consciously trying to get their instruments into tune, it is not an enjoyable sound which they make in the process. By and by the tuning is over and the conductor stands before them, and raises the baton and gives his signal, and they begin their work, and each one plays the score that is set before him, and out of all these several scores there arises a harmony that entrances us. Go out into life and play the score that is set before you. If God gives you a kettledrum and bids you beat it, beat it and make a noise, and endure what people call fame. If God gives you the first violin and makes you a leader, do not fear, but lead as well as you can. But if he sets you at the harp and says, Play one score of chords and that is all, play your score of chords and do it well, and be satisfied. For to be is more than to do. She is greatest who is most full of the Spirit of God, who "lets" the mind be in her which was in Christ Jesus, and then goes her way, and does her work, and lives her life in sweet unconsciousness.

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WILLIAM H. TAFT

The First Civil Governor of the Philippines.

From a portrait owned by the Yale Club, New York.

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OUR STATE UNIVERSITIES

By Andrew S. Draper, LL.D.

President of the University of Illinois.

ONE who has been privileged to sustain living relations with the educational work of the East and the West of our country soon realizes that the educational atmosphere of each section has qualities which are peculiar to it, and soon sees that the points of view, the habits of thought, and the ways of going about things east and west of the Alleghanies are quite distinct. Educationally the East is given to wisdom, is deliberate, has quite as much resistive power as aggressiveness, is inclined to be suspicious, and refuses to initiate a movement until it thinks it sees clearly what the end will be. The West is hearty and impulsive, plunges into whatever engages its interest, relies upon its resourcefulness, and worries very little about results. The results are never disappointing. If the outcome is good much is made of it; if not, the movement is lightly regarded, for by that time the mind is fully occupied with other things. The Westerners are easier travelers, better "mixers," and more enthusiastic and aggressive searchers for information than the Easterners. An Eastern schoolman knows much about schoolhouses and appliances, and is reasonably content with what he knows; a Western man is never too old or too tired to go to the top or the bottom of a school building, in the hope of finding a new appliance or a fresh suggestion in it. The Eastern men may go to educational conferences two or three times a year, in the stern performance of a religious duty; the Western men want a convention every week, and seldom lose an opportunity to be in at the start and open a discussion of facts and philosophies at a canter.

Many of the Western schoolmen have lived in the East, and although they have been lured by the star of empire, their interest in the East will never abate. More of them go to the Middle and New England States every year, for they will travel, and all the roads lead that way and much may be gained by following them. Practically all of them read the Eastern educational periodicals, gaining information and looking for things worth discussing or proposing at home. One result of all this is that the Western men know infinitely more about matters educational in the East than the Eastern men do of such matters in the West. Indeed, it is not too much to say that many of the schoolmen in the great States which are now central in the Union are quite as much in touch with matters educational in the East as many of the Eastern men are themselves. The converse of all this is not generally true, and it is strikingly untrue so far as an understanding in the East of the growth and the work of Western universities is concerned.

Of course the intellectual activity and the prevalent commercial spirit of the West have combined to produce many concerns which are worthless, some of which should be brought within provisions of the Penal Code and engage the active attention of the police. The proprietors seek high-sounding names for such establishments, and the public sense of propriety and of justice has not yet reached the point of aiding the worthy by stopping the misappropriation of titles by the unworthy to any such extent as has been well commenced in the East. Yet there are encouraging signs of public interest in the subject, and when it has advanced a few steps further corrective remedies are likely to be applied with a rush.

The West is dotted over with commercial institutions, many of them worthy enough, trying to sustain names which do not fit and which really curse them. While this is not at all peculiar to the West, it is true that it is more common there than in the East. May the time speedily come when the common sentiment of the country will make it clear to educational enterprises that it will be to their advantage to discriminate in the use of titles and claim only what they are able to perform, and that it will be quickly to their hurt to

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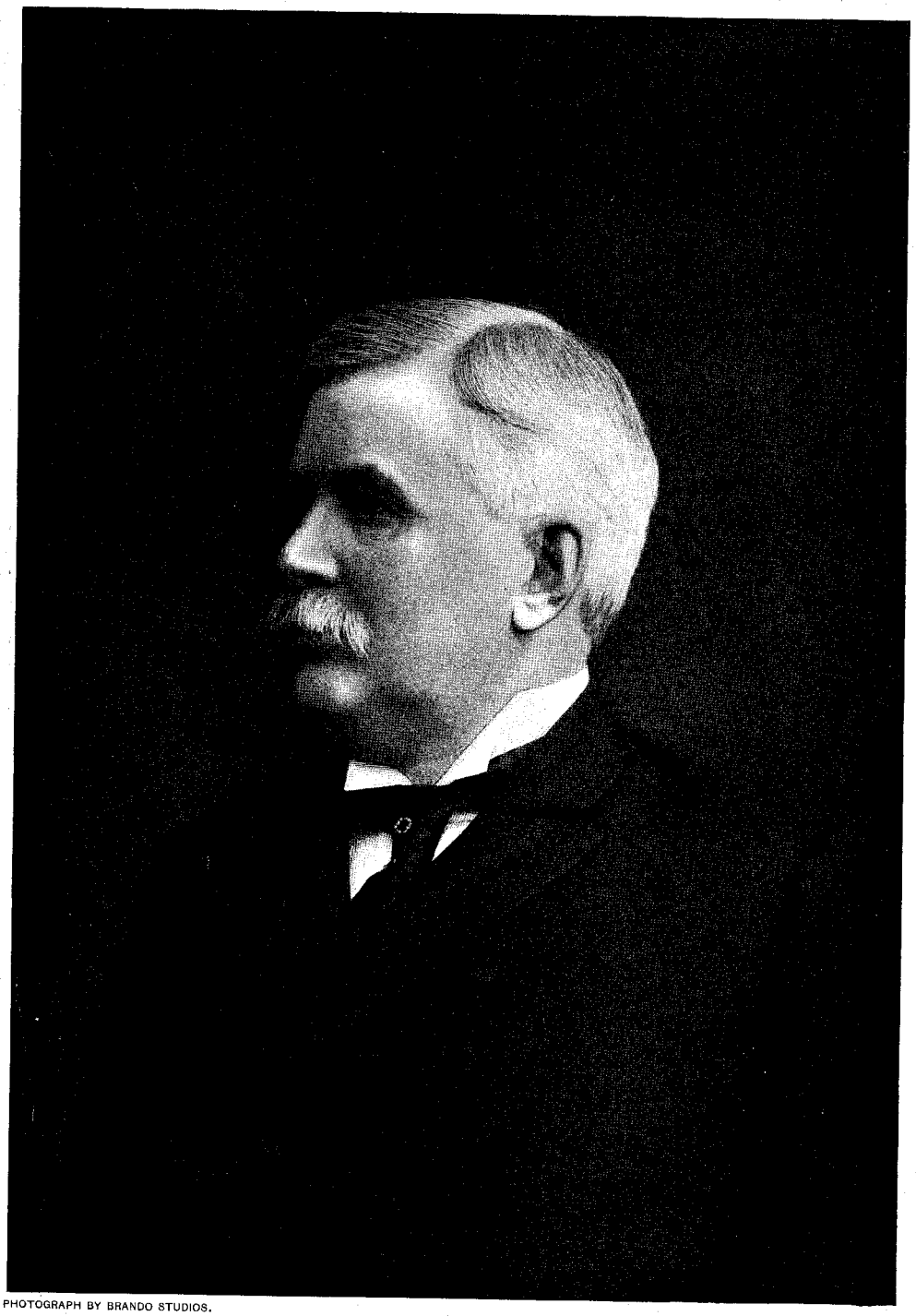

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ANDREW S. DRAPER
President of the Illinois State University.

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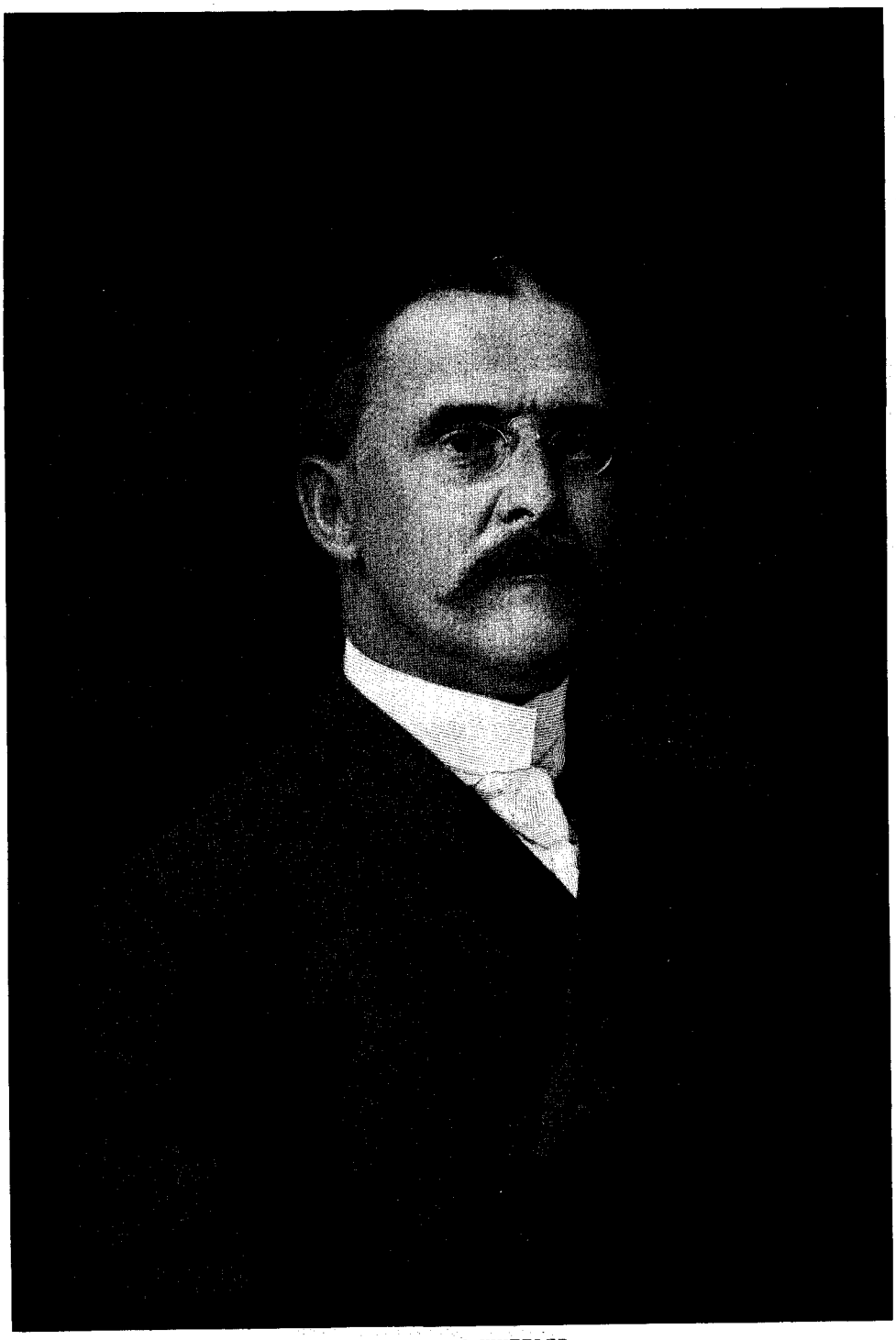

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER
President of the University of California.

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fall short of making good their assurances.

There are a score or more of denominational colleges in every Western State. These were founded by the churches, in the pioneer days, as instruments for denominational upbuilding. For long years they were the only schools with any pretense to advanced grade in the West; and they are always to be regarded with sympathy and spoken of with respect. Some of them, of which Oberlin (1833), in Ohio; Illinois (Jacksonville, 1829); Knox (Galesburg, 1837), in Illinois; Beloit (1843), in Wisconsin; Iowa (Grinnell, 1847), in Iowa; and Colorado (Colorado Springs, 1847), in Colorado, are perhaps the best types, have been able to adjust themselves to the new conditions which have been brought about by the filling up of the country and by the educational advance, have been content to do college work well, have gathered considerable endowments, and have become so influential and so much beloved as to be assured of strong and useful futures; and all lovers of learning rejoice with them in the fact. Some of them, with no abatement of the spirit of Christianity, have laid aside the denominational garb in order to attract the support of wider constituencies. But a larger number of the denominational colleges have been unable to cope with or adjust themselves to the educational evolution of recent decades. Some of them are doing work which, in quality and in quantity, is below the grade of good high schools. Their churches are being enjoined, as a Christian duty, to give what they are unable to give to their support, when all that these schools are doing, and much more, is being better done than they can hope to do it by the ordinary schools and the publicly supported institutions of their States. Of course it will be said that the denominations are unwilling to educate their youth except under denominational supervision; that it is a matter of faith and cannot be departed from. The merits of that subject cannot be discussed here, but it is not too much to say that the logic of events has proved that the inevitable trend of American sentiment is strongly against that position.

The logic of events is abundantly exemplified in the munificent provision for a public high school in every city, village, or sparsely settled township, and particularly in the splendid advance of the State university movement in the West.

There has been no movement undertaken by our democracy so significant and encouraging as that which has resulted in the great State universities of the Central and Western States. The sentiment which supports it is practically universal. No people have ever before carried forward such a movement on any similar scale. In the early days Massachusetts and Connecticut and New York and New Jersey gave substantial aid to Harvard and Yale and Columbia and Princeton, but without any idea of becoming responsible for their permanent support and management. The common thought as to the functions of government touching education would not permit more than State aid and encouragement to a university in the colonial days, or even in the earlier years of the "more perfect Union." The advance of the Republic created the need and the breaking of the great West opened the way for a new educational order of things. The pioneers built for the future. They were proud to commence new movements and to lay broad foundations. They believed that government should stand for the progress as well as for the mere security of the people, and they were only too glad to struggle and sacrifice in the hope that their children would fare better than they.

Out of this came provisions for people's universities in the Constitutions of many of the new States, and an actual university supported and managed by every State west of New York and Pennsylvania. Such universities were founded in Indiana in 1820, in Michigan in 1837, in Missouri in 1840, in Iowa in 1847, in Wisconsin in 1848, in Kansas in 1866, in Illinois and California in 1868, in Minnesota and Nebraska in 1869, in Ohio in 1870, and in Colorado in 1877. And in practically every case a university has developed to a plane not reached by the oldest and strongest institutions of the country a single generation ago, and not attained by more than a bare half-dozen now.

That common methods are being followed is found in the fact that a conference of the Presidents of ten of these universities was recently held at the University of Illinois. President Adams, of Wisconsin, and Chancellor Snow, of Kansas,

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accustomed to participate in such conferences, were not present because of illness and the need of rest. These twelve universities enjoyed the last year an income of $3,421,992, representing the proceeds of an invested capital of more than $80,000,000. They had 190 buildings upon their campuses. They employed 1,800 teachers, and instructed 23,000 students. They had more than 700,000 volumes in their libraries. At their recent commencements they conferred something like 3,500 degrees, the University of Michigan alone conferring more than 700. The Illinois Legislature at its recent session appropriated $909,000 to the State University—a sum, as since stated by President Angell, of Michigan, larger than ever before raised by general taxation and given at one time by a State to an educational institutional.

Even a cursory reference to the State universities would be lacking if it failed to note the influential position of the University of California. Cut off from much association with other universities of its own class, it goes forward with a confident step and a nobility of purpose which form an inspiration to all of them. The morning of President Wheeler's administration promises all that can be desired for the high noon.

In some States the State universities are united with the agricultural and mechanical colleges resulting from the National Land Grant acts, while in others they are maintained separately. In either case, the common sentiment of the people supports the purpose of the universities to enter every field of scientific research and intellectual activity. Ancient and modern languages and literatures, rhetoric and oratory, history and philosophy, economics and sociology and ethics, pedagogy and psychology, music and sketching and painting, mathematics, the earth and air and water and sky and life sciences, medicine and pharmacy and dentistry, law in every phase of the science, agriculture and horticulture, the breeding of wheat and corn as well as of animals, dairying and home-making, architecture, civil engineering, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, municipal and sanitary engineering, railway engineering, mining engineering, library science, physical training, and every other interest which challenges thorough study are grouped in separate colleges, schools, or departments, with the necessary libraries and laboratories and farms and shops for their most practical and effective prosecution.

In all these universities there is a complete military organization in charge of a United States Army officer, and no one of them is without a military band and an orchestra, a choral society and glee clubs and quartets, an athletic field and "teams" without number, social and literary clubs, Greek letter fraternities galore, men's and women's Christian associations, and all the other acquisitions of modern university life.

The relations between the State universities and the public high schools are direct and close. The universities receive students upon examination, but they also have a system of accrediting high schools which is peculiar to the West. The universities inspect the high schools—the courses of work and the teaching—by faculty committees, or, now, more commonly by an officer called the High School Visitor, and, upon approval, receive their graduates without examination. This aids the high school, for it is held to reflect upon one if it is not upon the accredited list of the university. The Eastern universities are inclined to scoff at this, but it will be surprising if they are not doing the same thing before many years. Of course some students get into the universities who cannot sustain themselves, or who need some "jacking up," but it is better so than it is to keep students out of college who want to go and who cannot fit into the precise grooves of an examination set by persons knowing little of their work and nothing of their resources. The remark is often passed among Western students, inspired by information gained from their friends who are or have been in Eastern institutions, that it is easy to get into and hard to get out of a Western university, while, if it is difficult to get into an Eastern university, one who does so may feel sure of getting through. This indicates a real difference of sentiment East and West. The feeling that every one shall have his chance, that the ability to do the work is the only legitimate test of the right to be in college, is stronger in the West than in the East. It may be

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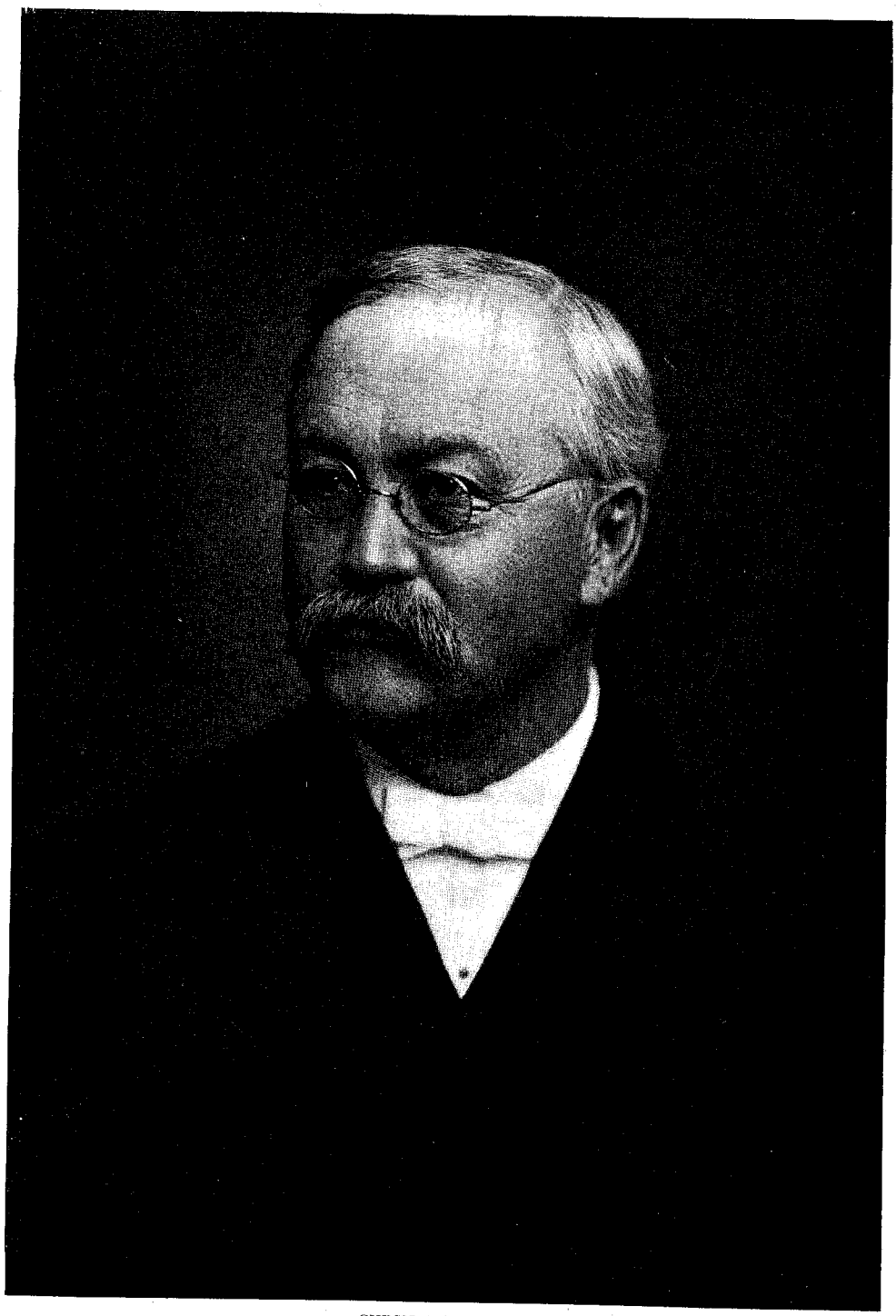

CYRUS NORTHROP
President of the University of Minnesota.

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true that more students fail than where more precise preparation is exacted, but it is also true that native resourcefulness has broader opportunity and that the universities come into closer relations with all classes of the people.

All classes are represented in the great student bodies of the State universities, but the middle class predominates overwhelmingly. There are few representatives of very wealthy homes, yet the social gatherings draw out claw-hammer coats and party gowns in numbers already large and so steadily growing that apprehensions of the coming of the dude are beginning to show themselves. There are some who find it necessary to "work their way," and if they do it and sustain themselves in their university work they uniformly gain the respect they deserve for it. There is no discussion of the merits of co-education, and no isolated woman's college in the university group. Young men and young women work side by side in class-rooms and laboratories, they play together upon the athletic field, they attend social gatherings in company, with little in the way of regulations which is not self-imposed, and with the very best results. Comradeship between faculty and students is free and helpful to both. Life is free and genuine and natural and earnest, the sentiment of the campus is wholesome, the work is severe, and the semester examinations are inexorable.

Three names are by common consent deserving of first mention in connection with the upbuilding of the State university system in the Middle West. They are those of President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, President Charles Kendall Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, and President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota. Under their wise administration three great universities have grown up, but their work is not limited by State boundaries, for it has made marks upon the history of the Mississippi Valley which are deep and will be lasting.

An Eastern man is likely to inquire about the part which politics plays in the administration of the State universities. It plays no part. The matter at the Kansas Agricultural College some years ago was much magnified, but served a good purpose. There is no State college or university of any standing that is not wholly free from political or other domination, and nothing is clearer than that the people intend to have it so.

There are several universities growing up in the West on private and philanthropic foundations which are so broad and deep as to give promise that they will become great. They have already come to be well known. Among these, Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Northwestern University at Evanston, and Washington University at St. Louis are well deserving of mention. Leland Stanford Junior University, of California, rests upon foundations too heavy to be shaken by any momentary episode, and President Jordan is too stanch a man to be seriously disturbed by loose criticism based upon incomplete information. The University of Chicago is a marvelously stalwart institution, whether or not we recall that it is but ten years old. The splendid advance it has made testifies alike to the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates in giving, and to the versatility and geniality and tireless energy of President Harper. It is agreeable to note that the munificent benefactions which have made Stanford and Chicago universities possible, and the strong lead these institutions have taken, have clearly done much to incite the people of California and Illinois to increased interest and heavier investments in their own universities.

The higher institutions of learning in the West have come to know very well that the advance of each strengthens all. Relations are cordial, and all seem to be working effectually together to stimulate the secondary schools and exert a decisive and ennobling influence upon the life of the people. The age is one which will be distinguished by the diffusion of the higher learning, by its much wider applications to the daily life and institutions of the people; and it may be confidently believed that time will show abundantly that the people of the Central and Western States have borne a notable and an honorable part to that great end.

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EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

Education in the South

By Edwin Anderson Alderman, LL.D.,

President of Tulane University of Louisiana.

YOU have asked me to write on Education in the South. All the years of adult life spent in educational service in the South give me some right, perhaps, to speak. I have a desire to set forth, briefly, what has been done, and what needs to be done, in order to build up, in the southern portion of our Union, an educational system adequate to the needs of an industrial democracy fretted by a stupendous racial question.

Some things ought, by this time, to be tolerably fixed in the consciousness of every thoughtful American citizen, and need not call, therefore, for lengthy exposition or argument. Education in democracies is not a question of philanthropy or expediency, but of life and death. As democracy has not yet proven its right to exist as the ultimate form of government, neither has statesmanship evolved even a tolerably wise system of universal education. Many of the problems of the South are also the problems of the North and the East. Educational systems, it should be understood, are forced upon peoples

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by the pressure of real or apparent social needs, and are not superimposed by mere individual intelligence or will.

The period of time between 1810 and 1860 was for the South a period of isolation, during which, holding itself proudly aloof from the ferments of the modern world, it went its own way and created its own individual, dramatic, militant social forms, with their blending of splendid virtues and fatal weaknesses. There was need for political leadership and for the willful, masterful man. Private academies, seminaries, colleges, and universities arose to supply this need, and it is doubtful if there were anywhere in the world, outside of Scotland, better schools for the training of the few than existed in the South prior to the Civil War, and there issued from them the smallest but the strongest and most alert political force that Christendom has ever seen. The value and dignity of the common man—the single individual—to society was not realized, unhappily, and, therefore, the common school with rural conditions to struggle against, could not take root in the South. The value of all the public-school property of the Southern States prior to 1870 did not equal the cost of one great, modern high-school building to-day. Of course slaves could not be educated systematically and remain slaves.

The quality of no people in history has ever been more grimly tested than the quality of the Southern people from 1860 to 1880, which period might be described as the period of war and submersion. I shall not dwell upon it here. Its heroisms stir my blood, its sufferings touch my heart, its achievements arouse my pride. The first vivid recollection of my life was a glimpse of the regnant face of General Lee in 1869, and hence the shadows of this time of anarchy, of poverty, and prejudice of the world darkened the days of my childhood. The burden upon the men of the time was to maintain racial integrity, to establish new institutions for strange new needs, to find a clue to modern economic systems, to earn bread for their children and the children of their slaves, and, hardest of all, to conquer pride and to keep their spirits sweet and unspoiled. Defeat and disaster could not destroy their English consciousness and their inflexible purpose to rule their own local affairs. Let us forgive them any lack of philosophical insight or academic viewpoints, as we must forgive our brethren of the North some tragic blundering and some tactless philanthropy. It is sufficient praise of these men, molding in unquiet times a new life, to say that fifteen years after the war had ceased we found ourselves living in a new world of friendly feeling, of waning intolerance, of educational desire, and of marvelous material prosperity.

From 1880 until now has been the period of awakening and achievement, and the South has entered at last upon its probation as a member of the modern world. Southern people have taken deeply to heart the conviction that no civilization can grow great in poverty. The Southern boy now reaching up into life has many other ambitions besides statesmanship. He wants to know how to build bridges, to manufacture raw material, to set up machinery, to organize industry, to exploit material resources, and in general to get money together. This is the most deeply rooted idea in the Southern mind to-day. It existed as a controlling impulse in the early days of the century, but slavery paralyzed it, and the present movement is in the nature of a renaissance. There need be no fears that the South will fail to look after the industrial education of its sons and daughters in the new century. Indeed, there are signs that it may overdo it, after the zigzag fashion of educational and social movement. Already the dollarless man has some difficulty in explaining himself away, and it is almost amusing to behold sleepy little towns, that once dozed under the sun, black and dirty and busy and happy, sending salable products all around the earth. I rejoice in this industrial impulse. The test of character will come in the using of the wealth so obtained, but it is altogether wise to obtain the wealth and to possess the mechanical skill.

The South has also taken to heart the conviction that the chief problem of every society is to realize its highest self in life and in law, not by personal courage or raw individualism, but by scholarly activity and community effort. An examination of statistics will reveal many noble and impressive beginnings in the direction of this self-realization. State universities

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destroyed by war have been revived and new ones established on broader foundations in every Southern State. It is difficult to speak too warmly of the work done by these institutions. They are directed and taught by able and unselfish scholars, holding high ideals, and they do what they attempt to do honestly and well. They are crippled by poverty and by the mania for the multiplication of small colleges, but I believe it is true to say that they accomplish more on small means than any institutions except the Scottish universities. The sum of all their endowments does not equal the endowments of any one of a half dozen Northern and Western institutions. What strength they have is internal—the strength of moral energy, of faith in the belief that they are the symbols of the benign force that shall work out the good life of their land. What strength they need is the strength of endowment, of apparatus, of ample and even magnificent surroundings, that they may arise so sharply and clearly out of low levels that they may set new standards and establish new conceptions of college life. The material they have to work upon is of the best—simple, healthy minded, earnest young Americans of unmixed blood, who are reaching up into life through sacrifice and toil, and who have the Scottish faith in and enthusiasm for the dignity and power of knowledge.

The colleges of the churches have been the objects of great sacrifice and heroism. Some of them, it must be frankly confessed, have no reason to exist save that of denominational pride, but a goodly number of them are great forces for good, manned by scholars, and are sending out yearly well-trained men into Southern life. Private philanthropy, almost unknown in ante-bellum days, and still timid, has endowed a few institutions, like Vanderbilt University, Tulane University, Newcomb College, a department of Tulane; Converse College, and Trinity College in North Carolina. Only three of these were endowed by people of Southern birth, and their endowments are so small that they still need most of the equipment necessary to great universities. The aristocratic and theological systems neglected industrial training entirely, and made provision only for the fortunately born and well-to-do classes among women. The land-grant colleges born out of the wisdom of the National Government have arisen to supply the first neglect, and a juster and broader view of life has tardily remedied the neglect of a century by the creation of colleges for women modern in spirit and of approved power and promise. Successful efforts have been made to train teachers both in normal schools to which they were bidden to come, and by a widespread system of institutes which went to their doors.

Lastly, and greatest of all, a system of public schools for whites and blacks supported by public taxation, and this means largely taxation of the whites, has been established in every Southern community, and is being slowly strengthened under stupendous difficulties. The movement received its first impulse in the cities and towns, and from them has spread like a blessed contagion, as each community perceived its value. The city schools of the Southern States are as good as any in the land, for the reason that they command the services of the very finest and highest types of young Southern womanhood and manhood. The principle of local taxation for schools as well as for jails and poorhouses has been written in the statute books, and the commitment of the leaders of public thought, however faintly, to this principle of local taxation for schools is the surpassing achievement of this period of awakening. That the child has a right to be educated, that it is the State's duty to guard and maintain that right, is now in the South an axiom in public policy. Fifteen years ago this was a proposition to be debated, but to-day it is a truism, and measures the growth of the public conscience and intelligence during that period of time. Sophisms and doctrinaire theories have fallen away, and the people of the South are asking this question, How shall we build a worthy system of education for all the people? Their earnestness is made manifest in the fact that they tax themselves in proportion to their wealth more heavily than the rich urban communities of the country. One must go back to the days of Horace Mann for the spirit of this movement. It has been more than a movement. It has been a crusade against hampering tradition, false individualism, and racial entanglement.

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The leader of it has been J. L. M. Curry—a rare blending of the grace and charm of the old time with the vigor and freedom of the new. Around him have gathered a group of young Southern scholars and a few older heads of wisdom and civic virtue. These men, whose names I dare not mention, lest I omit some, deserve well of their time, for, though disheartened, they have never been daunted, and they are now able to see as a result of their pleading a new kind of leadership and a new type of statesman appearing in Southern politics—the educational statesman—the man who bases his campaign upon popular education, who stands or falls on the principle of taxation of property for the creation of intelligence, cltizenship, and ampler institutional life. Charles B. Aycock, the new Governor of North Carolina, is, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of the Southern idealist lifted beyond partisanship, and carrying into politics the heart of a reformer and the training of a scholar, but the type may be found in other gubernatorial chairs and places of power.

The South then has traveled far in educational growth, and deserves high praise, but after all it has not traveled very far and its journey has just begun. The South is a rural community. Four-fifths of its people live in the country. This is a tremendous obstacle to educational progress. The first great need of this rural community is more money with which to provide a nine months' school for its children in every school district, with better-paid and better-equipped teachers. The average length of the rural-school term in the South does not much exceed twelve weeks out of the year. A nine months' school term would give birth to secondary schools, and they in turn would strengthen universities and colleges. The money needed for this great end must come from home, from the people who see its influence upon the lives of their children, and it is my belief that these people will gladly spend this money when they are aroused and enlightened and made to feel in their marrow and bones its vital importance. It is difficult to arouse democracies, and especially rural democracies. They must be talked to and plead with and written at in effective ways, and the people of the South are still old-fashioned enough to submit to this. The greatest opportunity ever offered to constructive philanthropy lies just here, in my judgment. If there existed in each Southern State a group of able men, of power and proven experience, guided in a systematic way, whose business it was to cover the territory of that State in an untiring campaign of education for a number of years, the close of the first decade of this century would see the wise adjustment of most of the educational difficulties of the South. There would be opportunities for these men to teach the teachers and the people, to convert clever politicians and journalists into educational statesmen, to transform State Legislatures into educational associations, to suggest wiser educational organization, and to stimulate to helpfulness and benevolence the growing wealth of the South. It was not the fashion in the South of the past, nor is it much the fashion of the present, save among women, to give money to education, partly because Southern people are in the accumulative stage of money-getting, after an experience of direst poverty, and partly because, as a stunting inheritance from that poverty, they have grown accustomed to the use of small means for great objects. The law of philanthropy, however, is local. If Southern institutions are to grow great, Southern wealth must lead in that movement. The temper of the Southern States is just ready for this campaign of education. It is in the mood to be helped to self-help.

The interest on a few million dollars would put this movement on an enduring basis. If the Peabody Fund has stimulated its thousands to encouraging beginnings, this would influence its tens of thousands to splendid finalities. Is it too much to hope that there will arise some genius of social co-operation who will undertake to make possible this great agency—some Pierpont Morgan of the educational world, with his eyes upon the common people who work in the shadows of the world, and upon a land somewhat overborne with difficult and vexed problems?

The next great need of the South in education is a scientific co-relation of the various branches of its so-called educational system. Education is one whole process. Primary, secondary, higher are mere convenient terms, like day and

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night, month and year. There is a deadly reality in these unrealities in our educational system. That system is unconnected, unco-ordinated, and self-sufficient. The public schools, the high schools, the colleges and universities are not articulated in sympathetic ways, but stand off and war against each other as if they were rivals. Feeble colleges multiply. There are more mono-hippic colleges and universities in Tennessee and Texas than there are universities on the continent of Europe. New ones are established yearly, and begin a career of ineffectual achievement and heroic poverty. Much of this, of course, is due to mistaken educational enthusiasm, local and denominational pride, and commercial interpretations of culture. Great harm results in the setting up of false ideas of liberal training, in the cheapening of historic degrees, in preventing lofty, genuine leadership, high above clamor or poverty or politics. It is my belief that each Southern State ought to appoint an educational commission of five or more able students of education to investigate the subject of educational organization and taxation, and report for discussion some large unwasteful plan in the room of the atomistic agencies now going at great, delicate concerns, as freebooters go to battle.

The third great need of the South is a few amply, even magnificently, equipped institutions set at logical and strategic points in its area, where a sound, modern, various learning might be taught to the young men and women who must direct our life. These institutions should be especially effective in the subjects of technology, economics, sociology, and philosophy, for these are our issues for the next twenty years. The cities should take care of their own schools, and they will do so. The churches should take care of their own, where they exist primarily for church purposes. The State universities and the land-grant colleges, simply as such, are proper charges upon the State itself, and civic self-respect demands that they be so maintained, and maintained generously. Colleges for the training of teachers will grow naturally out of enlarged facilities for popular education. A union of all forces—ecclesiastical, civic, and philanthropical—are needed, however, to create inspiring institutions, and, in addition, there must be some certainty that the institutions so aided have proven their right to exist and occupy such a geographical position as will insure their indefinite growth. There are only six or eight such institutions in the Southern States between Johns Hopkins on the North and Tulane University on the South, including these two institutions. Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Institute ought to be continually strengthened as the great training-grounds and experiment-stations for the education of the negro race. To establish new colleges while the potentially great institutions struggle on in poverty, turning away precious young scholars because they have no loan funds or fellowships or scholarships, is a piece of pure folly. If it is desired to furnish the highest kind of technical instruction, strengthen that department in the strongest of these institutions. It is my belief that departments of philosophy and sociology, amply endowed for the scholarly study of social conditions and for the inculcation of right theories of life in three or four of these colleges, would accomplish more results in ending the reign of the empiric and the politician, and ushering in the trained thinker, the sympathetic, orderly minded man, than two-thirds of the money spent on negro education since 1870. Booker Washington, with his great gifts of heart and brain, will live in history merely as a racial phenomenon, without lasting effect upon his time, if there does not come to him the intelligent sympathy of the white men of the South, trained to justice and power in the handling of social questions.

The fourth and acutest need of the South—perhaps I might say of our whole country—is an ever-widening circle of scholars whose minds are set upon the building of their institutions in righteousness and wisdom rather than upon obtaining the reward of their own smartness. We have suffered much from men who settled things first and learned about them afterwards. We need men who know about things before settling them, and who are dowered with social sympathy and faith in the common man. The "brave, free scholar," as pictured by Emerson in his memorable address, is the man who sees things as they are and hates violence; who has no fear of

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oppression, because he is strong; who cannot be deceived, because he has been trained and knows truth from mania and the fates of nations and the experiences of cities of men; who cannot be terrorized, because he is not afraid; who cannot be starved, because his hands have skill and his brain has cunning. This real sort of scholar is needed to aid in the transformation of unthinking, careless men, without tastes or wants, into men with ideals; men who can see the relation of law to society and what it means to defy law even to protect innocence; men who can see the beauty and the interest of life; men who love their towns, their villages, their front yards, back yards, highways, parks, schools, and libraries, and thus, proceeding upward, grow into a finer notion of the perils and privileges of republican citizenship. His coming, too, would make an end to the time when it would be possible to estimate Southern thought in the gross, and to predict, in advance, Southern action in bulk.

The education of the negro demands another article, and my limit of space is reached. This much must be said, however. The South has never been in so generous and thoughtful a mood toward the negro race as it is to-day, while his disfranchisement is going on apace in every Southern State. This is a movement to get rid of the negro as a menacing political factor, disturbing the judgment of men and arousing their passions in order to get a breathing-spell in which to think on him righteously and justly as a human being, as a racial problem, as a black man, who cannot be sent away and who cannot be permitted to dominate intelligence. It is the first moment since the colossal folly of his enfranchisement that Southern men could *think* about the question at all, and their deepest conviction now is that, having established forever their dominance and integrity as a race, they must justify themselves to posterity by acting toward the negro in a spirit of justice and wisdom. Indeed, this movement of disfranchisement goes deeper than that, and is altogether beneficent in its purposes. It means at bottom that the right to vote is a right to be won by intelligence and character, and to be won by the ignorant white man as well as by the ignorant black man. If the Filipino or the Porto Rican ever shares in our Government, he will do so after generations of preparation for the sacred right. Ignorance, whether in whites or blacks, in North or South, in cities or in countries, ought to be subjected to the same test. There are many millions of negroes in the South. It might as well be confessed that much of the $25,000,000 spent on them by Northern philanthropy has been literally wasted, and much of the $100,000,000 spent on them by Southern taxation has been likewise wasted, but this waste is almost as much the fault of those who spent it as it is of the negroes who received it. The attempt to put the negro in possession of the traditional culture of the Anglo-Saxon race was an absurd piece of American haste. Putting behind us, then, the era of wrong ideals of education, of sentimentalism, and of much solemn nonsense, let us go forward another step. The negro must be educated. Ignorance is no remedy for anything. Any other theory is monstrous. I indulge in no fantasies, or prophecies, or forecasts, optimistic or pessimistic. I cannot foresee the future any more than John C. Calhoun could foresee Booker Washington delighting and instructing a Charleston audience. Our duty is with the present, to use such knowledge and sympathy as we have, and let the future do likewise. It is wise and just to help the black man to character and usefulness; but I cannot reiterate too strongly my belief that the white man is and ought to be and will be the controling force, and that he will act toward the negro in the light of his training. The education, therefore, of one untaught white man to the point that knowledge and not prejudice will guide his conduct, and that he must deal with these people in justice and kindness, is worth more to the black man himself than the education of ten negroes. The Southern people need help for the noble discharge of this mighty task, not bald, smug alms-giving; not the altruism of the remote nor the cocksure theories of the unaffected, but substantial, brotherly confidence and help from their fellow-countrymen of every section. One of the encouraging notes of the times is the growth of this large confidence and sympathy with the Southern man in his dealings with the negro.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter VI.—A New Friend

THE night race with the wolves began a new phase of life for Ranald, for in that hour he gained a friend such as it falls to few lads to have. Mrs. Murray's high courage in the bush, her skill in the sick-room, and that fine spiritual air she carried with her made for her a place in his imagination where men set their divinities. The hero and the saint in her stirred his poetic and fervent soul and set it aglow with a feeling near to adoration. To Mrs. Murray also the events of that night set forth Ranald in a new light. In the shy, awkward, almost sullen lad there had suddenly been revealed in those moments of peril the cool, daring man, full of resource and capable of self-sacrifice. Her heart went out toward him, and she set herself to win his confidence and to establish a firm friendship with him; but this was no easy matter.

Macdonald Dhu and his son, living a half-savage life in their lonely back clearing, were regarded by their neighbors with a certain degree of distrust and fear. They were not like other people. They seldom mingled in the social festivities of the community, and consequently were more or less excluded from friendship and free intercourse with their neighbors. Ranald, shy, proud, and sensitive, felt this exclusion, and in return kept himself aloof even from the boys, and especially from the girls, of his own age. His attendance at school was of a fragmentary and spasmodic nature, and he never really came to be on friendly terms with his fellow-pupils. His one friend was Don Cameron, whom the boys called "Wobbles" from his gait in running, whose father's farm backed that of Macdonald Dhu. And though Don was a year older, he gave to Ranald a homage almost amounting to worship, for in all those qualities that go to establish leadership among boys Ranald was easily first. In the sports that called for speed, courage, and endurance Ranald was chief of all. Fleet of foot, there was no runner from the Twelfth to the Twentieth that could keep him in sight, and when he stood up to fight, the mere blaze of his eyes often won him victory before a blow was struck. To Don, Ranald opened his heart more than to any one else; all others he kept at a distance.

It was in vain that Mrs. Murray in her daily visits to Macdonald Dhu sought to find out Ranald and to come to speech with him. Aunt Kirsty never knew where he was, and to her calls, long and loud, from the back door and from the front no response ever came. It was Hughie Murray who finally brought Ranald once more into touch with the minister's wife.

They had come one early morning, Hughie with Fido "hitched" in a sled driving over the "crust" on the snow-banks by the roadside, and his mother on the pony, to make their call upon the sick man. As they drew near the house they heard a sound of hammering.

"That's Ranald, mother!" exclaimed Hughie. "Let me go and find him. I don't want to go in."

"Be sure you don't go far away then, Hughie; you know we must hurry home to-day;" and Hughie faithfully promised. But, alas! for Hughie's promises; when his mother came out of the house with Kirsty he was within neither sight nor hearing.

"They will just be at the camp," said Kirsty.

"The camp?"

"Aye, the sugaring camp down yonder in the sugar bush. It is not far off from the wood road. I will be going with you."

"Not at all, Kirsty," said the minister's wife. "I think I know where it is,

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and I can go home that way quite well. Besides, I want to see Ranald." She did not say she would rather see him alone.

"Indeed, he is the quare lad, and he is worse since coming back from the shanties." Kirsty was evidently much worried about Ranald.

"Never mind," said the minister's wife kindly; "we must just be patient. Ranald is going on fast towards manhood, and he can be held only by the heart."

"Aye," said Kirsty with a sigh, "I doubt his father will never be able any more to take a strap to him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murray, smiling, "I'm afraid he is far beyond that."

"Beyond it!" exclaimed Kirsty, astonished at such a doctrine. "Indeed, and his father and his uncle would be getting it then, when they were as beeg as they will ever be, and much the better were they for it."

"I don't think it would do for Ranald," said the minister's wife, smiling again as she said good-by to Kirsty. Then she took her way down the wood road into the bush. She found the camp road easily, and after a quarter of an hour's ride she heard the sound of an ax, and soon came upon the sugar camp. Ranald was putting the finishing touches to a little shanty of cedar poles and interwoven balsam brush, and Hughie was looking on in admiration and blissful delight.

"Why, that's beautiful," said Mrs. Murray; "I should like to live in a house like that myself."

"Oh, mother!" shouted Hughie, isn't it splendid? Ranald and Don are going to live in it all the sugaring time, and Ranald wants me to come, too. Mayn't I, mother? Aw, do let me."

The mother looked down upon the eager face, smiled, and shook her head. "What about the night, Hughie?" she said. "It will be very dark in the woods here, and very cold, too. Ranald and Don are big boys and strong, but I'm afraid my little boy would not be very comfortable sleeping outside."

"Oh, mother, we'll be inside, and it'll be awful warm—and, oh, you might let me." Hughie's tears were restrained only by the shame of weeping before his hero Ranald.

"Well, we will see what your father says when he comes home."

"Oh, mother, he will just say 'no' right off, and—"

A shadow crossed his mother's face, but she only answered quietly, "Never mind just now, Hughie; we will think of it. Besides," she added, "I don't know how much Ranald wants to be bothered with a wee boy like you."

Ranald gave her a quick, shy glance and answered, "He will be no trouble, Mrs. Murray;" and then, noticing Hughie's imploring face, he ventured to add, "And indeed, I hope you will let him come. I will take good care of him."

Mrs. Murray hesitated.

"Oh, mother," cried Hughie, seeing her hesitation, "just one night; I won't be a bit afraid."

"No, I don't believe you would," looking down into the brave young face. "But what about your mother, Hughie?"

"Oh, pshaw, you wouldn't be afraid." Hughie's confidence in his mother's courage was unbounded.

"I don't know about that," she replied, and then turning to Ranald, "How about our friends of the other night?" she said. "Will they not be about?" Hughie had not heard about the wolves.

"Oh, there is no fear of them. We will keep a big fire all night, and besides we will have our guns and the dogs."

"Guns!" cried Mrs. Murray. This was a new terror for her boy. "I'm afraid I cannot trust Hughie where there are guns. He might—"

"Indeed, let me catch him touching a gun!" said Ranald, quickly, and from his tone and the look in his face Mrs. Murray felt sure that Hughie would be safe from self-destruction by the guns.

"Well, well, come away, Hughie, and we will see," said Mrs. Murray; but Hughie hung back sulking, unwilling to move until he had got his mother's promise.

"Come, Hughie. Get Fido ready. We must hurry," said his mother again.

Still Hughie hesitated. Then Ranald turned swiftly on him. "Did ye hear your mother? Come, get out of this." His manner was so fierce that Hughie started immediately for his dog, and without another word of entreaty made ready to go. The mother noted his quick obedience, and, smiling at Ranald, said, "I think I might trust him with you for a

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night or two, Ranald. When do you think you could come for him?"

"We will finish the tapping to-morrow, and I could come the day after with the *jumper*," said Ranald, pointing to the stout, homemade sleigh, used for gathering the sap and the wood for the fire.

"Oh, I see you have begun tapping," said Mrs. Murray; "and do you do it yourself?"

"Why, yes, mother; don't you see all those trees?" cried Hughie, pointing to a number of maples that stood behind the shanty. "Ranald and Don did all those, and made the spiles, too. See!" He caught up a spile from a heap lying near the door. "Ranald made all these."

"Why, that's fine, Ranald. How do you make them? I have never seen one made."

"Oh, mother!" Hughie's voice was full of pity for her ignorance. He had seen his first that afternoon.

"And I have never seen the tapping of a tree. I believe I shall learn just now, if Ranald will only show me, from the very beginning."

Her eager interest in his work won Ranald from his reserve. "There is not much to see," he said, apologetically. "You just cut a natch in the tree, and drive in the spile, and—"

"Oh, but wait," she cried. "That's just what I wanted to see. How do you make the spile?"

"Oh, that is easy," said Ranald. He took up a chisel, slightly concave, and, with a mallet, split a thin slab from off a block of cedar about a foot long. Then with his knife he sharpened one end. "That is the spile," he said. "We drive this end into the tree, and the sap runs down into the trough, you see."

"No, I don't see," said the minister's wife. She was too thoroughgoing to do things by halves. "How do you drive this into the tree?" she continued, "and how do you get the sap to run into it?"

Ranald was delighted at her determination to understand.

"I will show you," he said, approaching a maple still untapped. "You first make a natch like this." So saying, with two or three blows of his ax he made a slanting notch in the tree. "And then you make a place for the spile this way." He drove his ax with a single blow deep into the tree just below the corner of the notch. "And then you drive in the spile like that."

"Ah, now I see; and then you put the trough under the drip from the spile. But how do you make the troughs?"

"I did not make them," said Ranald. "Some of them father made and some of them belong to the Camerons. But it is easy enough. You just take a thick slab of basswood and hollow it out with the adze."

Mrs. Murray was greatly pleased. "I'm very much obliged to you, Ranald," she said, "and I am glad I came down to see your camp. Now, if you will ask me, I should like to see you make the sugar." Had her request been made before the night of their famous ride, Ranald would have found some polite reason for refusal, but now he was rather surprised to find himself urging her to come to a sugaring-off at the close of the season.

"I shall be delighted to come," cried Mrs. Murray, "and it is very good of you to ask me, and I shall bring my niece, who is coming with Mr. Murray from town to spend some weeks with me."

Ranald's face fell, but his Highland courtesy forbade retreat. "If she would care," he said doubtfully.

"Oh, I am sure she would be very glad. She has never been outside of the city, and I want her to learn all she can of the country and the woods. It is positively painful to see the ignorance of these city children in regard to all living things—beasts and birds and plants. Why, many of them couldn't tell a beech from a basswood.

Oh, mother!" protested Hughie, aghast at such ignorance.

"Yes, indeed, it is dreadful, I assure you," said his mother, smiling. "Why, I know a grown-up woman who didn't know till after she was married the difference between a spruce and a pine.

"But you know them all now," said Hughie, a little anxious for his mother's reputation.

"Yes, indeed," said his mother, proudly, "Every one, I think, at least when the leaves are out. So I want Maimie to learn all she can."

Ranald did not like the idea any too well, but after they had gone his thoughts

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kept turning to the proposed visit of Mrs. Murray and her niece.

"Maimie," said Ranald to himself. "So that is her name." It had a musical sound, and was different from the names of the girls he knew—Betsy and Kirsty and Jessie and Marget and Jinny. It was finer somehow than these, and seemed to suit better a city girl. He wondered if she would be nice, but he decided that doubtless she would be "proud." To be "proud" was the unpardonable sin with the Glengarry boy. The boy or girl convicted of this crime earned the contempt of all self-respecting people. On the whole, Ranald was sorry she was coming. Even in school he was shy with the girls, and kept away from them. They were always giggling and blushing and making one feel queer, and they never meant what they said. He had no doubt Maimie would be like the rest, and perhaps a little worse. Of course, being Mrs. Murray's niece, she might be something like her. Still, that could hardly be. No girl could ever be like the minister's wife. He resolved he would turn Maimie over to Don. He remembered, with great relief, that Don did not mind girls; indeed, he suspected Don rather enjoyed playing the "forfeit" games at school with them, in which the penalties were paid in kisses. How often had he shuddered and admired from a distance, while Don and the others played those daring games. Yes, Don would do the honors for Maimie. Perhaps Don would even venture to play "forfeits" with her. Ranald felt his face grow hot at this thought. Then, with sudden self-detection, he cried angrily aloud, "I don't care; let him; he may for all I care."

"Who may what?" cried a voice behind him. It was Don himself.

"Nothing," said Ranald, blushing shamefacedly.

"Why, what are you mad about?" asked Don, noticing his flushed face.

"Who is mad?" said Ranald. "I am not mad whatever."

"Well, you look mighty like it," said Don. "You look mad enough to fight."

But Ranald, ignoring him, simply said, "We will need to be gathering the sap this evening, for the troughs will be full."

"Huh, huh," said Don. "I guess we can carry all there is to-day, but we will have to get the colt to-morrow. Got the spiles ready?"

"Enough for to-day," said Ranald, wondering how he could tell Don of the proposed visit of Mrs. Murray and her niece. Taking each a bundle of spiles and an ax, the boys set out for the part of the sugar bush as yet untapped, and began their work.

"The minister's wife and Hughie were here just now," began Ranald.

"Huh, huh. I met them down the road. Hughie said he was coming day after to-morrow."

"Did Mrs. Murray tell you—?"

"Tell me what?"

"Did she tell you she would like to see a sugaring-off?"

"No, they didn't stop long enough to tell me anything. Hughie shouted at me as they passed."

"Well," said Ranald, speaking slowly and with difficulty, "she wanted bad to see the sugar-making, and I asked her to come."

"You did, eh? I wonder at you."

"And she wanted to bring her niece, and—and—I let her," said Ranald.

"Her niece! Jee-roo-sa-*lem*," cried Don. Do you know who her niece is?"

"Not I," said Ranald, looking rather alarmed.

"Well, she is the daughter of the big lumberman, St. Clair, and she is a great swell."

Ranald stood speechless.

"That does beat all," pursued Don; "and you asked her to our camp?"

Then Ranald grew angry. "And why not?" he said defiantly. "What is wrong about that?"

"Oh, nothing much," laughed Don, "if I had done it, but for you, Ranald! "Why, what will you do with that swell young lady from the city?"

"I will just do nothing," said Ranald. "There will be you and Mrs. Murray, and—"

"Oh, I say," burst in Don, "that's bully. Let's ask some of the boys, and —your aunt, and—your mother, and—some of the girls."

"Oh, shucks!" said Ranald angrily. "You just want Marget Aird."

"You get out," cried Don indignantly; "Marget Aird!" Then after a pause he

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added, "All right, I don't want anybody else. I'll look after Mrs. Murray; and you and Maimie can do what you like."

This combination sounded so terrible to Ranald that he surrendered at once; and it was arranged that there should be a grand sugaring-off, and that others besides the minister's wife and her niece should be invited.

But Mrs. Murray had noticed the falling of Ranald's face at the mention of Maimie's visit to the camp, and feeling that she had taken him at a disadvantage she determined that she would the very next day put herself right with him. She was eager to follow up the advantage she had gained the day before in establishing terms of friendship with Ranald, for her heart went out to the boy, in whose deep, passionate nature she saw vast possibilities for good or ill. On her return from her daily visit to Macdonald Dhu she took the camp road, and had the good fortune to find Ranald alone, "rigging up" his kettles preparatory to the boiling. But she had no time for kettles to-day, and she went straight to her business.

"I came to see you, Ranald," she said, after she had shaken hands with him, "about our sugaring-off. I've been thinking that it would perhaps be better to have no strangers, but just old friends, you and Don and Hughie and me."

"Ranald at once caught her meaning, but found himself strangely unwilling to be extricated from his predicament.

"I mean," said Mrs. Murray frankly, "we might enjoy it better without my niece; and so, perhaps, we could have the sugaring when I come to bring Hughie home on Friday. Maimie does not come till Saturday."

Her frankness disarmed Ranald of his reserve. "I know well what you mean," he said without his usual awkwardness, "but I do not mind now at all having your niece come; and Don is going to have a party." The quiet, grave tone was that of a man, and Mrs. Murray looked at the boy with new eyes. She did not know that it was her own frank confidence that had won like confidence from him.

"How old are you, Ranald?" she said in her wonder.

"I will be going on sixteen."

"You will soon be a man, Ranald." Ranald remained silent, and she went on earnestly. "A strong, good, brave man, Ranald."

The blood rushed to the boy's face with a sudden flood, but still he stood silent.

"I'm going to give you Hughie for two days," she continued in the same earnest voice, and leaning down over her pony's neck towards him. "I want him to know strong and manly boys. He is very fond of you, Ranald. He thinks you are better than any man in the world." She paused, her lips parting in a smile that made Ranald's heart beat quick. Then she went on with a shy hesitancy. "Ranald, I know the boys sometimes drop words they should not and tell stories unfit to hear." The blood was beginning to show in her cheek. "And I would not like my little boy—" Her voice broke suddenly, but recovering quickly she went on in grave, sweet tones, "I trust him to you, Ranald, for this time and afterwards. He looks up to you. I want him to be a good, brave man, and to keep his heart pure." Ranald could not speak, but he looked steadily into Mrs. Murray's eyes as he took the hand she offered, and she knew he was pledging himself to her.

"You'll come for him to-morrow," she said, as she turned away. By this time Ranald had found his voice.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "And I will take good care of him."

Once more Mrs. Murray found herself looking at Ranald as if seeing him for the first time. He had the solemn voice and manner of a man making oath of allegiance, and she rode away with her heart at rest concerning her little boy. With Ranald, at least, he would be safe.

Those two days had been for Hughie long and weary, but at last the great day came for him, as all great days will come for those who can wait. Ranald appeared at the Manse before the breakfast was well begun, and Hughie, with the unconscious egoism of childhood, was for rushing off without thought of preparation for himself or of farewell for those left behind. Indeed, he was for leaving his porridge untasted, declaring he "wasn't a bit hungry," but his mother brought him to his senses.

"No breakfast, no sugar bush to-day, Hughie," she said; "we cannot send men out to the woods that cannot eat breakfast. Can we Ranald?"

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Hughie at once fell upon his porridge with vigor, while Ranald, who was much too shy to eat at the minister's table, sat and waited.

After breakfast was over, Jessie was called in for the morning worship, without which no day was ever begun in the Manse. At worship in the minister's house every one present took part. It was Hughie's special joy to lead the singing of the psalm. His voice rose high and clear, even above his mother's, for he loved to sing, and Ranald's presence inspired him to do his best. Ranald had often heard the psalm sung in the church—

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid,

and the tune was the old, familiar "French," but somehow it was all new to him that day. The fresh voices and the crisp, prompt movement of the tune made Ranald feel as if he had never heard the psalm sung before. In the reading he took his verse with the others, stumbling a little, not because the words were too big for him, but because they seemed to run into one another. The chapter for the day contained Paul's injunction to Timothy, urging him to fidelity and courage as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

When the reading was done Mrs. Murray told them a story of a young man who had shed his blood upon a Scottish moor because he was too brave to be untrue to his lord, and then, in a few words, made them all see that still some conflict was being waged, and that there was still opportunity for each to display loyal courage and fidelity.

In the prayer that followed, the first thing that surprised Ranald was the absence of the set forms and tones of prayer, with which he was familiar. It was all so simple and real. The mother was telling the great Father in heaven her cares and anxieties, and the day's needs for them all, sure that He would understand and answer. Every one was remembered—the absent head of the family and those present; the young man worshiping with them, that he might be a true man and a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and, at the close, the little lad going away this morning, that he might be kept from all harm and from all evil thoughts and deeds. The simple beauty of the words, the music in the voice, and the tender, trustful feeling that breathed through the prayer awakened in Ranald's heart emotions and longings he had never known before, and he rose from his knees feeling how wicked and how cruel a thing it would be to cause one of these little ones to stumble.

After the worship was over, Hughie seized his Scotch bonnet and rushed for the jumper, and in a few minutes his mother had all the space not taken up by him and Ranald packed with blankets and baskets.

"Jessie thinks that even great shantymen like you and Don and Hughie will not object to something better than bread and pork."

"Indeed, we will not," said Ranald heartily.

Then Hughie suddenly remembered that he was actually leaving home, and, climbing out of the jumper, he rushed at his mother.

"Oh, mother, good-by!" he cried.

His mother stooped and put her arms about him. "Good-by, my darling," she said in a low voice; "I trust you to be a good boy, and, Hughie, don't forget your prayers."

Then came to Hughie, for the first time, the thought that had been in the mother's heart all the morning, that when night came he would lie down to sleep, for the first time in his life, without the nightly story and her good-night kiss.

"Mother," whispered the little lad, holding her tight about the neck, "won't you come, too? I don't think I like to go away."

He could have said no more comforting word, and the mother, whose heart had been sore enough with her first parting from her boy, was more than glad to find that the pain was not all on her side; so she kissed him again and said in a cheery voice, "Now have a good time. Don't trouble Ranald too much, and bring me back some sugar." Her last word braced the lad as nothing else could.

"Oh, mother, I'll bring you heaps," he cried, and, with the vision of what he would bring home again shining vividly before his eyes, he got through the parting without tears, and was soon speeding down the lane, beside Ranald, in the jumper.

The mother stood and watched the little figure holding tight to Ranald with one hand, and with the other waving

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frantically his bonnet by the tails, till at last the bush hid him from her sight. Then she turned back again to the house that seemed so empty, with her hand pressed hard against her side and her lip quivering as with sharp pain.

"How foolish," she said impatiently to herself; "he will be home in two days." But in spite of herself she went again to the door, and looked long at the spot where the bush swallowed up the road. Then she went up stairs and shut her door, and when she came down again there was that in her face that told that her heart had had its first touch of the sword that, sooner or later, must pierce all mothers' hearts.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Where Soft Winds Blow

By Julia Morgan Harding

Where soft winds blow and shadows lie
On sunflecked grass 'neath beeches high
The warm earth breathes forth odors rare,
A rhythmic humming fills the air—
The voice of summer passing by.

A flock of white sheep in the sky
Strays northward, gazing dreamily
Through heavenly meadows rich and fair,
Where soft winds blow.

In greenwood glades the tree-tops sigh
For sorrow that the year must die.
But summer days are still to spare,
And nature bids us banish care,
Unreckoned let the sweet hours fly—
Where soft winds blow.

The Point of View

By Bliss Carman

"Ah," said the worm,
As he spun his cocoon,
"Just wait till you see,
At the opportune time—
Say another half-moon—
The silk that's in me!"

"Pish," said the snake,
As he viewed his old skin
In the fork of the tree,
"That's only a flake
Of what I have been—
That is not me!"

Finis

By Marian Alden

Give me a day with its sun in the west
And see what it has to say;
Give me the year as it neareth its rest,
In the glow of an autumn day.
Give me a life, where the path is unrolled,
To the shore of God's limitless sea;
For the end is the test, and the tale that is told,
Be it written in grayness or silver or gold,
Is the tale of Eternity.

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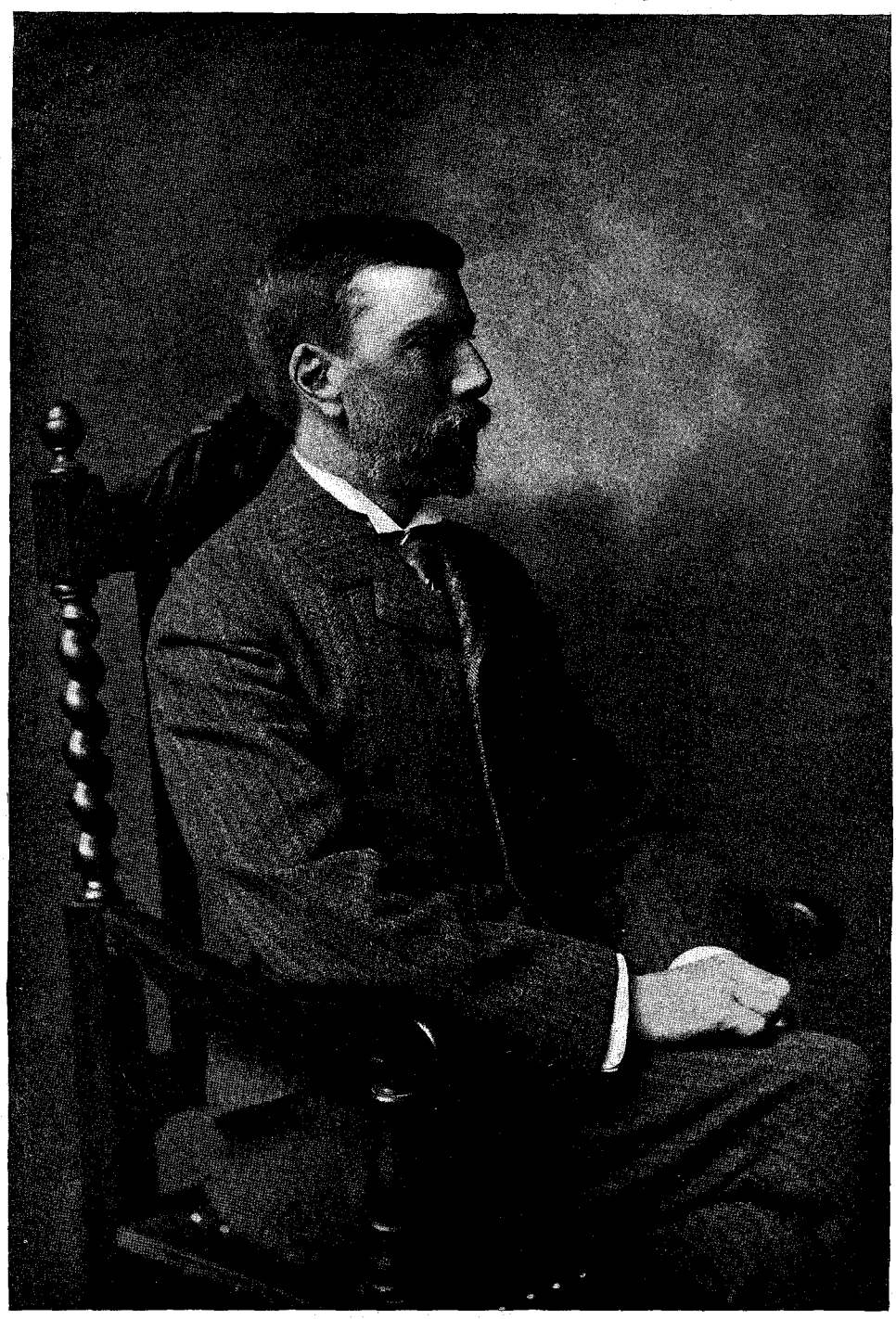

PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY
Photograph by Randall, New Haven.

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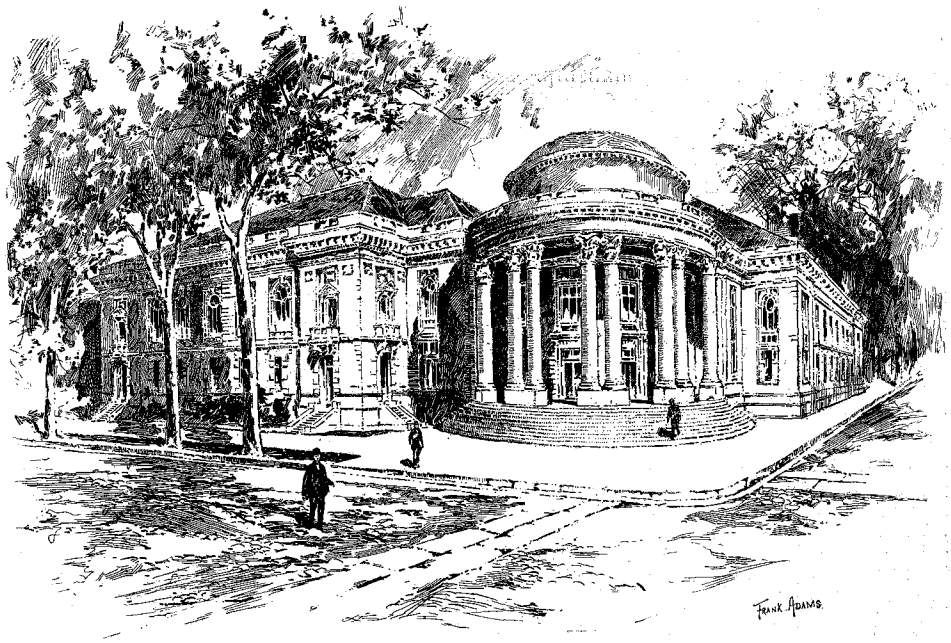

THE BICENTENNIAL BUILDINGS FROM COLLEGE STREET

The Yale Bicentenary

By Arthur Reed Kimball

TWO hundred years ago, or in 1701, sixty-five years after the founding of Harvard and eight years after the founding of William and Mary, its first charter was granted to Yale—an anniversary which is to be elaborately celebrated in October. The whereas of the charter, "An Act for liberty to erect a Collegiate School," clearly describes the the purpose, to found a school "wherin Youth may be instructed in the Arts & Sciences who through the blessing of Almighty God may be fitted for Publick employment both in Church & Civil State." This purpose necessarily lacked modern definiteness, even that of an English university. To an American visitor who protested to Dr. Caird that he was wasting on minutiæ of discipline the time he ought to give to completing a great work on philosophy, the Master of Balliol replied: "I am training the future rulers of the empire"—meaning the men at whose head stands Lord Milner. The phrase cannot be used to characterize any American university, the conditions are so radically different. Nevertheless, the thought in it, that education ought to fit for leadership, was the thought behind the whereas in Yale's first charter. "Yale," said President Hadley in his last baccalaureate, "was founded by Puritans—that is, by men who recognized the character of life as a trust. It has from the first been National and democratic in its sympathies. It has trained generation after generation of men who recognized their obligation, not to any class or locality alone, but to their fellow-men as a body."

In illustration one may point to the long line of Yale graduates in public life, beginning, perhaps, with Philip Livingston, "the signer," and including his son, William Livingston, the "war Governor" of New Jersey; Oliver Wolcott, who succeeded Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, and John C. Calhoun. Notable in our own time for direct descent from these are William M. Evarts, statesman no less than lawyer by right of service in the Senate and two Cabinets, and by a defense of Andrew Johnson that contributed weight of character no less than mastery of law to check the assault of partisanship

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upon the Constitution; and William H. Taft, vindicating in an untried sphere the capacity of American statesmanship. In law the succession reaches from Chancellor Kent to Chief Justice Waite; in medicine from Dr. Eli Ives (class of 1799), a pioneer President of the American Medical Association, to William H. Welch, the probable President of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research; in science from Morse and Silliman to Marsh, Dana, and Chittenden; in theology from Jonathan Edwards to Horace Bushnell; in education from Dr. Johnson, the first President of Columbia, to Andrew D. White and Daniel C. Gilman. These and many others of whom they are representative stand in their several careers and in varying degrees for progress and initiative as opposed to radicalism; for that type of conservatism so characteristic of the genius of America.

This first set toward Nationalism was not a chance happening. The tradition that Yale was founded out of dissatisfaction with Harvard's theological laxity is rejected by President Woolsey, who finds the prosaic considerations of greater convenience and lessened expense the principal reason for establishing a second college in New England. When it came, in 1718, to the final choice of New Haven as a permanent home for the college—its previous existence having been curiously uncertain with a nominal seat at Saybrook—a largely determining fact was the argument that New Haven was accessible to "the Western colonies." This "enlightened policy," as President Woolsey calls it, was justified by the immediate results. Until Columbia and Princeton were founded, the young men of New York and New Jersey who sought a college education usually went to Yale. The student body was thus cosmopolitan from the first, a body in which New England ideas rubbed against those of very different sections, with mutual benefit from the attrition. By a natural process, the disposition to select the same college in the same family, the constituency of Yale has widened with each migratory movement westward or southward.

THE ARMS OF ELI YALE

Turning from contributing influences, the making of Yale is in chief part due to the personality of its Presidents. They have been, from Dr. Clap, the first to bear the name of "President of Yale College" (his predecessors having been "rectors" of the "collegiate school"), men who found sufficiency of career in the academic headship. Their fame, whatever their other distinctions, has been identified with the office, never incidental to it—as might be said, for example, of Presidents Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, of Harvard. The Rev. Thomas Clap was chosen to Yale's presidency at thirty-six, Yale itself being then (1739) but thirty-eight years old. In theology he was narrow. This is shown among other things by his strong but futile support of the heresy charges brought against the Rev. Robert Breck, called to a pastorate in Springfield, Mass., who could not but "indulge in a hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who act up to the light they have may be saved"—an issue of which the American Board controversy of our own time is a curiously distant echo. Like many other men of his kind, stubborn where he was narrow, Clap was on other sides strong, even broad. He obtained a new charter of enlarged powers from the Legislature, and when later that body attempted to enforce the right of legislative visitation, he made a legal plea for Yale's independence that anticipated the famous Dartmouth College case and proved conclusive, settling the issue despite his own personal unpopularity. As an educator, however, with his strong, stimulating personality whatever the subject in hand, Clap was at his best when, as his own "Annals" record, "After Evening Prayers, the President frequently makes Dissertations upon various Subjects in Religion and Learning, and almost all the different Affairs and Employments of Life." It probably in one of these "dissertations" that Dr. Clap, a mathematician of acknowledged eminence, first gave to the world his theory of meteors: that they are terrestrial comets whose rate of motion is governed by the same laws as that of

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ELI YALE
From an early painting.

the solar comets—a theory which was received with applause by the Royal Society, and held its own for many years in the scientific world. His successor, after an interregnum, President Ezra Stiles (1777 to 1795), while lacking Dr. Clap's force, was even more versatile. Remarkable as a linguist, delivering the address at Yale's "splendid commencement" of 1781, in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, he "kept abreast" of science, was the lifelong friend of Benjamin Franklin (who received an M.A. at Yale, and sent to New Haven the first printing-press ever set up in the town), worked an electric machine (Dr. Franklin's gift), could teach mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy as readily as Hebrew or theology, and cherished the hope that after death he would be permitted to visit Saturn and study his rings.

These trivial personalities have a true significance, and are not merely curious bits of gossip about forgotten worthies. For down to the end of the eighteenth century the President was Yale even more than Napoleon was the State. He it was who determined the character of the college, in which there were only two professional chairs, one in Divinity and one in Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, the other instructors being young tutors and the curriculum being still mediæval. This included originally, to summarize in a sentence Professor Schwab's careful study in the "Educational Review," Hebrew, Latin, and Greek in languages; elementary mathematics, extended finally to include surveying and astronomy; theology, logic, metaphysics, and "disputation" five times a week in forensic or syllogistic form. The first text-books were the Old and New Testaments and Virgil. Later, Cicero and Horace were introduced, but not a single Greek classic. No wonder, when Dr. Dwight was a tutor, just before the Revolution, the "scholars," as they were then called, petitioned that he be permitted to instruct them in belles-lettres. Books were rare, and constituted the one

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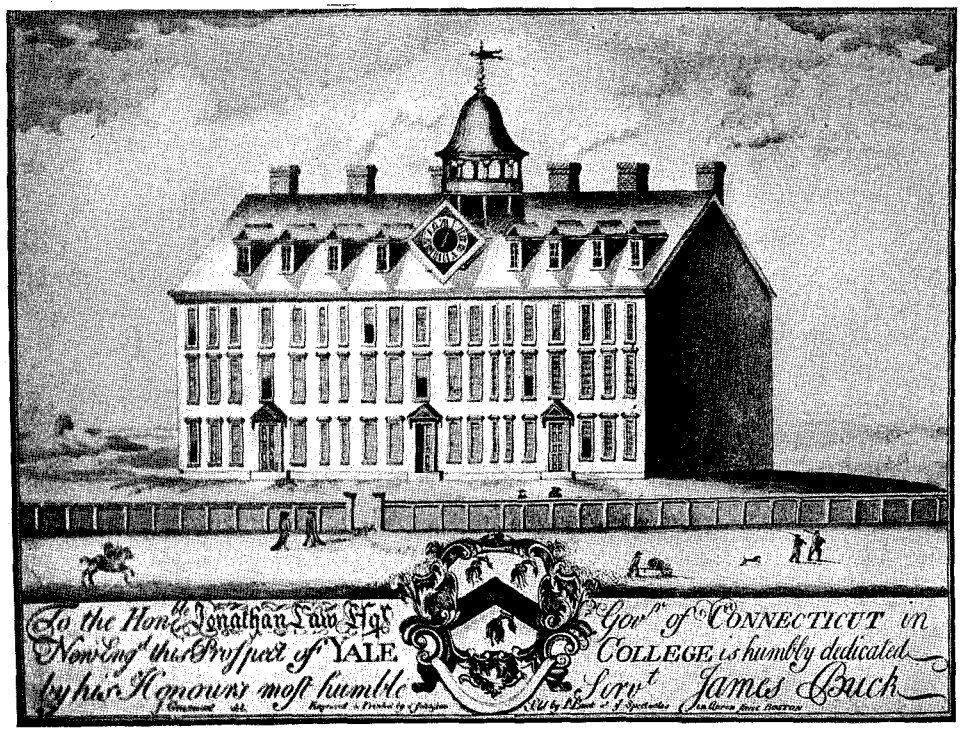
"tool" of education. The birth of Yale dates from a little pile of books raised by a few ministers in Branford. The first act of solicitation by Jeremiah Dummer, the Connecticut agent in London, was the request for gifts of books. It was responded to (among others) by Sir Isaac Newton and Elihu Yale, whose later gift of £562 12s. in East India goods (in recognition of which the college received his name) included a collection of books. Bishop Berkeley's gift of a house and lot in Newport (which brings in about $125 a year, having been unwisely leased for a term of 999 years), also included books—a peculiarly interesting gift as showing that the expulsion of Rector Cutler for seceding to the Episcopal Church (1722) did not alienate the Bishop's interest in the Congregational college. Indeed, one of the most useful of President Clap's minor services was his catalogue of the college library, then (1743) containing about 2,600 volumes. It may perhaps even be said that literature was the one recognized sphere of purely intellectual effort.

It was not strange, then, Yale having already a national character, that the enthusiasm of the Revolution found expression in a noteworthy departure—the first serious attempt to create a distinctive American literature. Its note, as Professor Barrett Wendell says, was "national independence." The conspicuous trio of the "Hartford wits," as the school came to be called, were Timothy Dwight, John Trumbull, and Joel Barlow, Yale graduates of the same period and more or less closely associated. As a school they are forgotten, largely because, in Professor Wendell's judgment, "their America still lacked a national experience ripe for expression in a form which should be distinctive." As forerunners and types they still have significance. Dwight's too theological muse was best adapted to hymn-writing—"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," has lasted and will last. Trumbull's "McFingal," after "Hudibras," aimed at unpatriotic follies of the times, and, having a great vogue, contains lines still familiar, as

> No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

Trumbull's "Progress of Dullness," too, has interest in this connection, for it sati-


To the Hon.ble Jonathan Law Esq.r
Gov.r of Connecticut in
New Eng.d this Prospect of Yale
College is humbly dedicated
by his Honours most humble
Serv.t James Gauch

THE DEDICATION OF YALE COLLEGE
Showing the first building.

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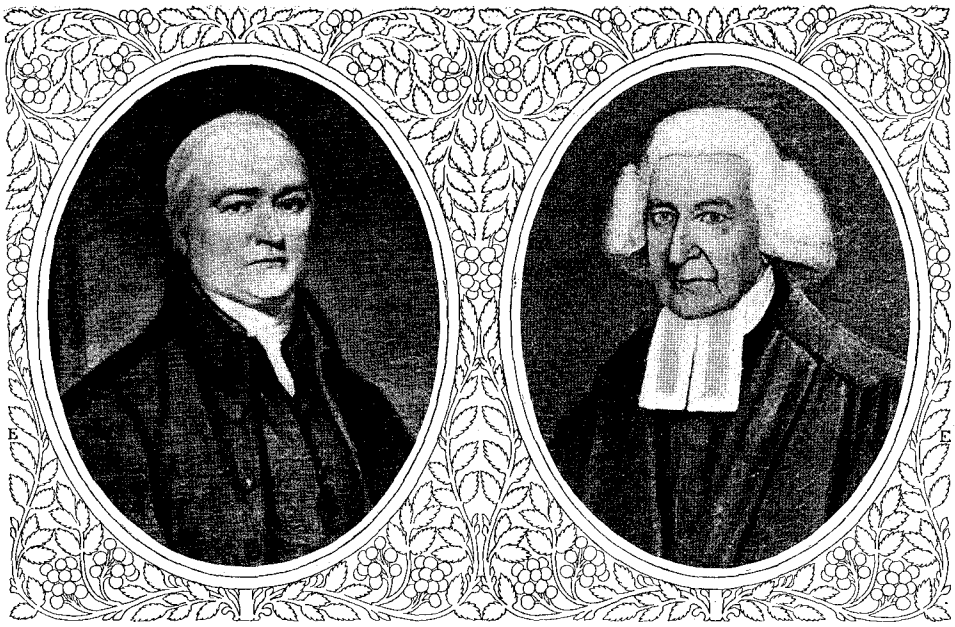

TIMOTHY DWIGHT EZRA STILES

rized the Yale curriculum, as when it describes students who

> Read ancient authors o'er in vain,
> Nor taste one beauty they contain.

Barlow's "Columbiad" was intense, like his career. Barlow was a type of the more adventurous Americans of the Revolutionary period, who found peace prosaic. An ex-war chaplain and ex-psalmodist, Barlow drifted to France and became prominent as a Girondist; then to London and held his own in a circle of wits of whom Priestley, West, Copley, and Horne Tooke are best remembered. Tiring of bohemianism, he made a fortune in speculation and was persuaded to accept the place of Minister to France at a critical period (1811). Going to Poland by invitation to meet Napoleon and negotiate a treaty, he lost his life from exposure during the retreat from Moscow.

Despite the cleverness, wit, and force that went into the making of America's first school of literature, Yale has remained, as Bulwer said of London, *leonum arida nutrix*. The occasional literary celebrity on her honor roll—Fenimore Cooper (whom the faculty did not permit to graduate), N. P. Willis, Donald G. Mitchell, Edmund C. Stedman, and Edmund Rowland Sill—are sporadic cases of finding one's self, not products of a favoring environment. But though Yale's first promise of literary initiative proved disappointing, the inspiration of patriotism of which it was born finds present recognition in the Memorial Gateway erected by the class of 1896 to the Yale dead of the Spanish war. It stands, as President Hadley pointed out at its dedication, for the persistence of a noble type, the type of Major Theodore Winthrop, the writer of gifts and charm who, far in advance of his men, fell gallantly in the charge at Great Bethel, and the type of Nathan Hale—the one of the class of 1848, the other of the class of 1769.

The passing of the special literary movement at Yale marked the beginning of the scientific movement, one more in accord with Yale's real genius. In 1802 Benjamin Silliman was chosen to fill the professorship of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, just established—a chair he held for fifty years. During that half-century it is probably no exaggeration to say that Yale was the "scientific center" of America. Silliman popularized science somewhat as Gough popularized temperance, or Phillips the slavery question, delivering the first Lowell Institute course at Boston, and being widely in demand for years as a "platform attraction." For this work he had an exceptional aptitude. To a fine presence and pleasing address was added a sense of

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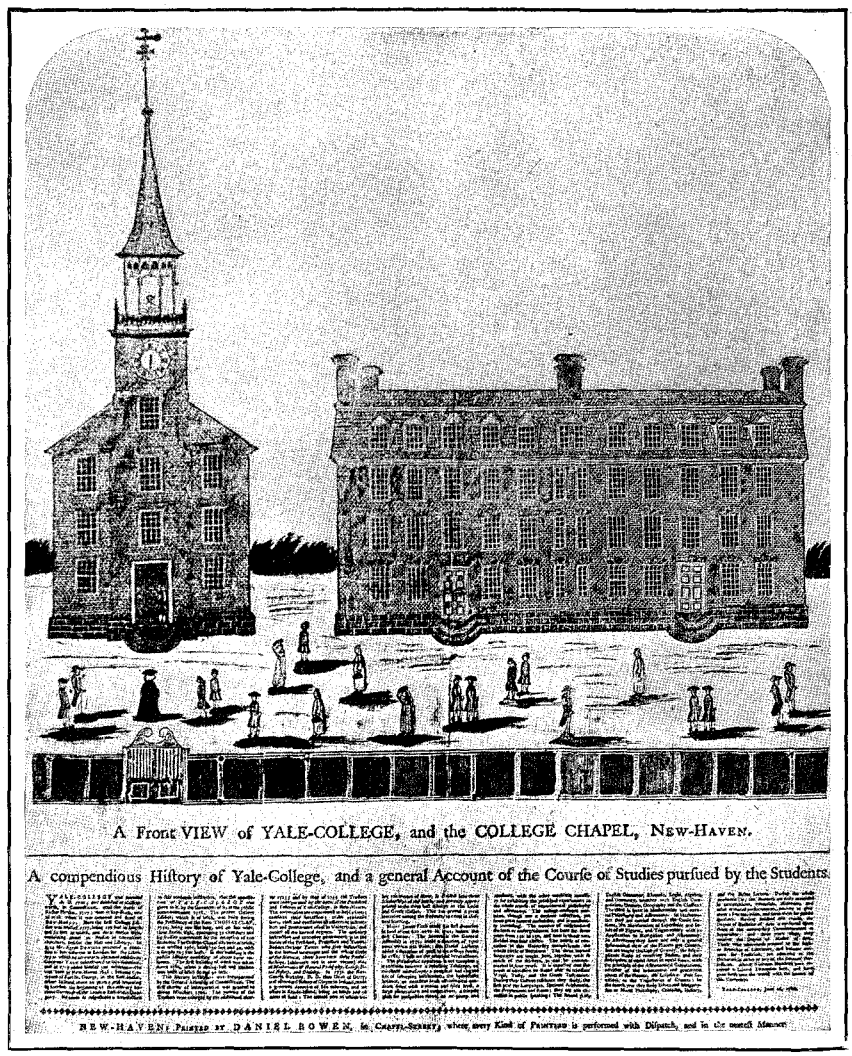
A Front VIEW of YALE-COLLEGE, and the COLLEGE CHAPEL, NEW-HAVEN.
A compendious History of Yale-College, and a general Account of the Course of Studies pursued by the Students.
NEW-HAVEN: Printed by DANIEL BOWEN, in Chapel-Street; where every Kind of Printing is performed with Dispatch, and in the neatest Manner.

YALE COLLEGE AND CHAPEL IN 1726

From an old print by Daniel Bowen.

humor, as when he used to tell his classes how he took Yale's original collection of minerals to Philadelphia in a candle-box, "to my distinguished friend Dr. Hare, who acted as my Adam, and named my animals for me." He could "work with his hands and talk with his mouth at the same time, a trick," adds the Hon. Frederick J. Kingsbury, one of his students, "which any one who has not tried it will find not to be so easy as it looks. If anything with an experiment went wrong, instead of staring at it in blank astonishment, as I have seen men do, he would without a break go right on telling how and why the thing had failed and all about it. In this way he frequently made a failure more instructive than a success." But Silliman was far more than a successful lecturer. His indomitable enthusiasm as editor maintained, in the face of great discouragement, the "American Journal of Science," the authority of his name securing for its columns constant contributions from leading scientists abroad. Most of all, to the group of his special students, most prominent of whom was his son-in-law, the late Professor Dana, the eminent geologist, is to be traced the origin of what is now the Sheffield School (established in 1847 and endowed by Joseph E. Sheffield in 1859), the pioneer school of

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special scientific study in America. Yale's scientific prestige, dating with Silliman to the opening of the nineteenth century, was upheld to its end; for in Marsh, the paleontologist, Yale's name stands associated with the discovery of unique evidence for the doctrine of evolution—the famed horses with toes, examination of which led Huxley himself to revise his conclusions on the genealogy of the horse.

The scientific movement under Silliman was simply a conspicuous phase of the general modern movement at Yale under Timothy Dwight, who was President from 1795 to 1817. The Dwight of tradition is associated with a certain "Systematic Theology," an elucidation of the Calvinism of his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, a popular work in Scotland, as Ian Maclaren loves to testify. But it was the untraditional Dwight who, led by his appreciation of the discoveries of Lavoisier and Sir Humphry Davy, established the chair to which he chose Silliman because he was a young man of promise, providing for his first scientific education and later sending him to Europe to become a thorough specialist, quite in the modern manner. The act was representative. Dwight was receptive to new ideas, versatile, quick of wit, a practical man in touch with men and affairs, no less than the preacher and orator. While chaplain in the Revolutionary army he wrote patriotic songs of wide popularity. Later he proved himself a good man of business, and made so marked a success in the Legislature that he was urged to enter Congress. Still later, as a quiet country pastor on Greenfield Hill (back of Bridgeport) he established a famous academy in which young women received the same instruction in the same branches as young men—a recognition of the "higher education" for women antedating the nineteenth century. Dwight then initiated a régime of progress as President of Yale. He abolished "fagging," the services freshmen were required to render upper classmen—a relic of undemocratic times before the Revolution when the names of students were entered in the catalogue according to the social precedence of their families. He enlarged the curriculum by adding English literature and rhetoric. He substituted professorships for the system of almost exclusive teaching by tutors. He founded the medical school, and took initial steps toward founding schools of theology and law, thus anticipating the university. He helped notably by his forcible sermons in checking the drift among educated young men toward what is loosely called "French Deism," seductively associated with notions of liberty and with leadership in public life. So

THREE YALE WORTHIES
Jeremiah Day, Theodore D. Woolsey, Benjamin Silliman.

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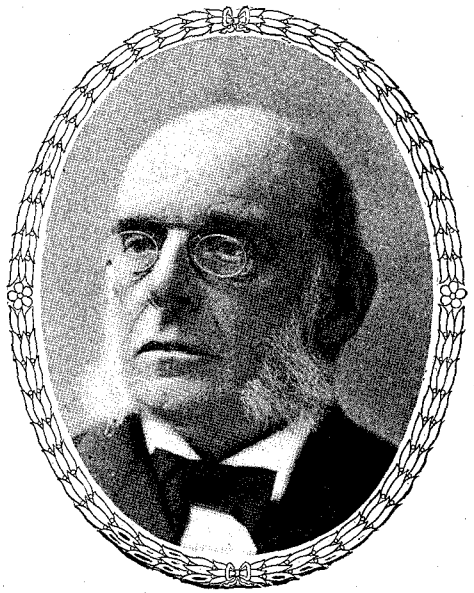
NOAH PORTER

much in earnest was he that at times he laid aside the traditional dignity of the college president, a degree of condescension hard for us to appreciate, and met the students as man to man. Early in his administration, during one of the senior debates, of which he was umpire, a question was proposed principally "to see what would happen"—this: "Are the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments the Word of God?" Dr. Dwight at once accepted the challenge. He urged the skeptical debaters to put forth their strongest arguments regardless of his presence, as they would were they debating among themselves. After all had said their say, he took up their arguments as if he had been himself one of the debaters, making, by contemporaneous testimony, one of the most convincing efforts of his life. From Dwight's methods, indeed, dates the kind of orthodoxy that has characterized Yale even to the end of the century. It is an orthodoxy strong but tolerant, yielding genuine respect to the conclusions of science in its own field, but refusing authority beyond it and insisting on the essentials of faith—an attitude by no means rigid, yet in principle consistent.

The long administration of President Day (1817–46), though of large importance in confirming the policies inaugurated by Dr. Dwight, and thus settling the future, was one of those periods of quiet growth which are often fruitful because they are free from stir. One event was significant—the appointment in 1841 of Edward E. Salisbury to the professorship of Arabic and Sanskrit, for from it dates the beginning of a department of graduate instruction. The successorship fell to Dr. Dwight's nephew, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, a man whom it is hard to characterize, so rare a combination was he of simplicity, sincerity, and strength. Of all the college presidents who have left a lasting impress on generations of students by sanity, dignity, and force of character, Mark Hopkins, of Williams, is perhaps alone comparable with Woolsey. He brought to his administration (1846–71) unusual advantages in lineage and early training. He came of the Autocrat's "Brahmin caste," but, through close intimacy with a father who was an able and high-minded man of business in New York, enjoyed from the beginning a practical guidance seldom the privilege of one who leads the scholar's life. After experience as a tutor at Yale, and studying theology, which, however, did not appeal to him as a profession, Woolsey chose the calling of teacher, and, to fit himself for it, went abroad to study in 1825. That was something scarcely any one then thought of doing, either from lack of means or from not regarding



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

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THE OLD BRICK ROW AND COLLEGE FENCE
Drawn by Frank Adams.

it as worth while, the accepted standards of scholarship being still provincial. His final word from Europe is characteristic. "I should think my existence insupportable and a burden," he wrote to his father, "if I had not an aim to be useful in my day and generation;" adding, "I have endeavored to gain a minute and thorough knowledge of the Greek language, and to lay a foundation for an acquaintance, such as few in America possess, with classical literature, in order to teach it." These sentences epitomize the ideals stamped on the Yale policy by Woolsey—"usefulness," "thoroughness." As Professor of Greek (1831–46) he at once introduced the more exact standards of European scholarship, and at the same time enlarged its opportunities by adding new authors and editing needed editions of the tragedians. As President, while insisting on thoroughness, he broadened the work of the senior year, introducing political economy and history. Through intense interest in the issues of the impending Civil War he was led to take up international law, on which he became so eminent an authority. Meanwhile he found time for the faithful performance of the smallest duties of the place, quietly doing its drudgery almost unnoticed, sometimes writing as many as two thousand letters in a year with his own hand.

Spare and bent of form, with finely cut features and piercing eyes, Woolsey looked the type of quiet scholar; but, aroused on a moral issue, was capable of an indignation few cared to face. He was the embodiment of sincerity. So far did he carry his hatred of an affectation that he would not, on re-reading, substitute a "better-sounding" word for the one first chosen if the first clearly expressed his meaning. Yet he appreciated the rhythm of words as he loved nature, himself sharing the poet's gift, as those know who have been privileged to read the small collection of his verse printed privately for his closest friends. Stern as a disciplinarian, he was most kindly of heart. It would be a violation of confidence to tell how many thousands of dollars he loaned or gave to needy students, a large part of which was never returned. Of a legal rather than a theological cast of mind, in preaching he appealed to the great fundamental laws, as when, in his powerful sermon on "The Self-Propagating Power of Sin," he appealed to "facts as old as mankind and as lasting as the soul, facts which any heathen sage might notice and

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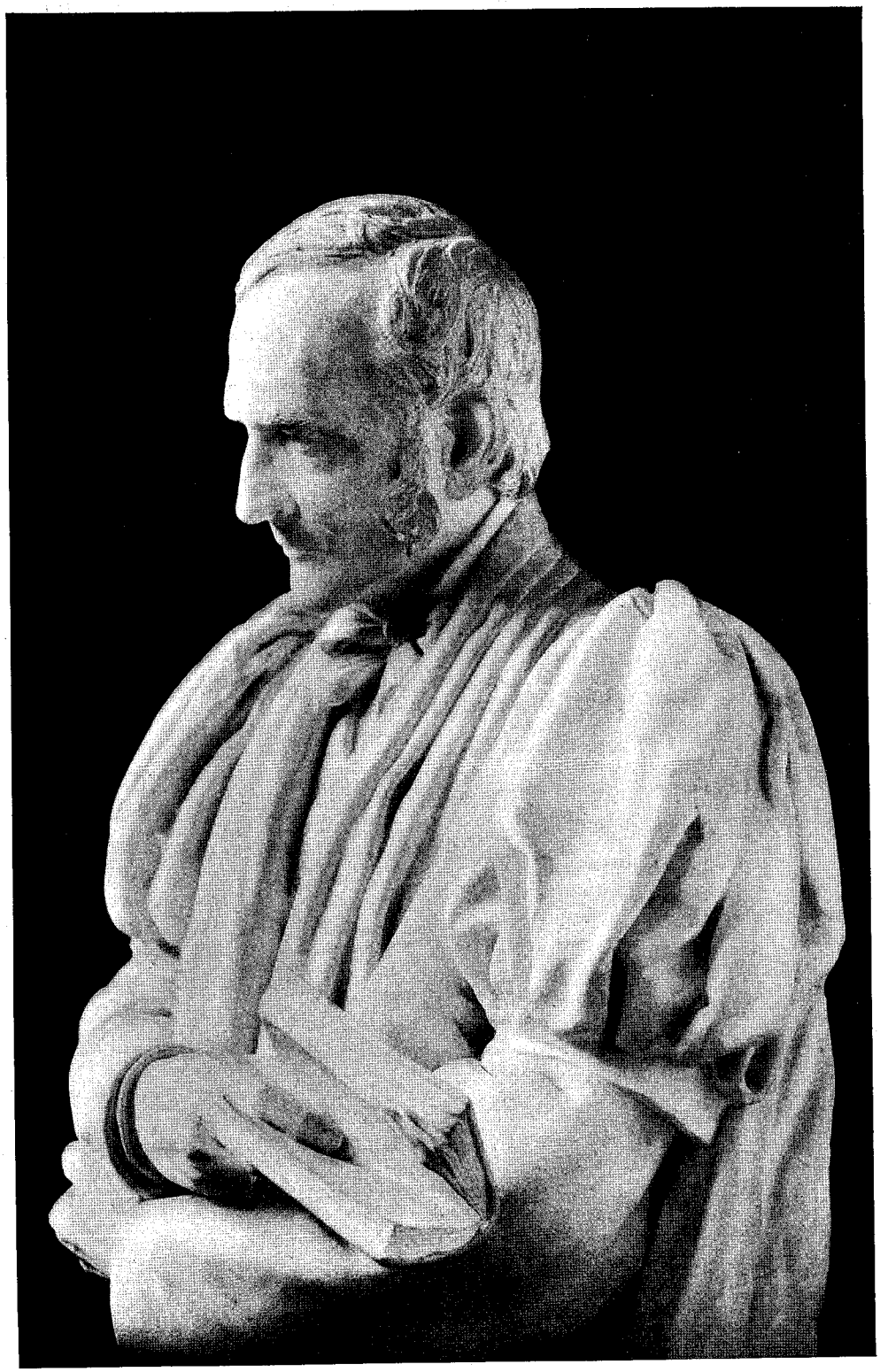

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY

The bust by St. Gaudens.

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which Christianity does not create." Of a singular modesty, he not only refused the place of Minister to England offered to him by President Hayes in recognition of his services as a publicist, but kept the offer itself a secret until the President himself disclosed it at a Yale Commencement.

The final form of the Yale education as developed under Woolsey, in accordance with a certain seriousness which had characterized it from the beginning, consisted principally of the ancient languages and mathematics, and secondarily of natural science (taught by text-book), some modern language, English literature, history, political economy, psychology, and international law. This form persisted until 1884, or for thirteen years after Woolsey's retirement. Its aim was to give training, discipline to the many, not to favor the aptitudes of the few, and its rigorous application accomplished its purpose. Under President Porter (1871–86), who was respected for his learning and loved for his kindliness, but who concealed under a mild manner great tenacity of purpose, the university departments in law, medicine, the fine arts, and graduate instruction were strengthened, and the sum of $600,000 raised for university purposes. But in these developments the university was of deliberate purpose kept apart from the college. Contributing to this was the independent natural growth of the Sheffield School unhampered by tradition, either in government or method; for Sheffield received many students desiring a modern education, who, had they entered the academical department, must have doubled the pressure for radical change. The concessions of 1884 to the "optional" spirit, involving more and more of incidental change, resulted in another departure in 1893, by which one-half the courses were made optional as against one-third. Under this new opportunity of choice, the displacement of the ancient languages and mathematics by modern languages, English, the social sciences, and history has been rapid. A still further departure will mark Yale's entrance on her third century. The student from sophomore year on will have full liberty of choice among courses classified under three groups: Languages and literature, both ancient and modern; mathematics and the physical sciences; philosophy, history, and the social sciences. But to preserve continuity, definiteness in the student's exercise of the right of choice, each must so elect his courses as to attain a certain grade of advanced instruction in his major subject of one group, and a required grade in a minor subject from each of the other two groups. It is under these restrictions that the exceptional student will hereafter be able to gain his A.B. degree in three years, emphasizing even in the concession the tradition that the training of the many comes first.

The modernized curriculum is but one sign of the new order. Its advent is no less marked by the co-ordination of the various departments, but especially by the new opportunities of the recently established departments of music and forestry. Yale's is indeed a busy university life of many interests and contacts, as reflected in the great bulletins which announce the club meetings and lecture courses of a single week. Of all this the bicentennial festival will take careful note, first recognizing how wisely the one ex-President still spared, the second Dwight, builded for the future. He divorced the office of President from that of instructor and made it essentially executive. He raised large sums for the necessary equipment in buildings and laboratories. He stimulated by the enthusiasm of discernment the growth of the university spirit. He initiated the movement by which $1,200,000 has been raised from 1,700 contributors for the bicentennial buildings, of which the auditorium may bear the honored name of Woolsey Hall, with the completion of the fund to $2,000,000 apparently assured. But the bicentennial programme itself will emphasize the past, from its incidental features to the lasting embodiment of its significance in a special publication of a series of volumes, perhaps twenty, by members of its faculty—a noteworthy record of research. The range is the widest possible, from Hadley's "Education of the American Citizen" and Sumner's "Sociology" to Chittenden's "Studies in Physiological Chemistry" and Lounsbury's "Shakesperean Wars." At its head will be that unique collection of Americana, the "Diary of President

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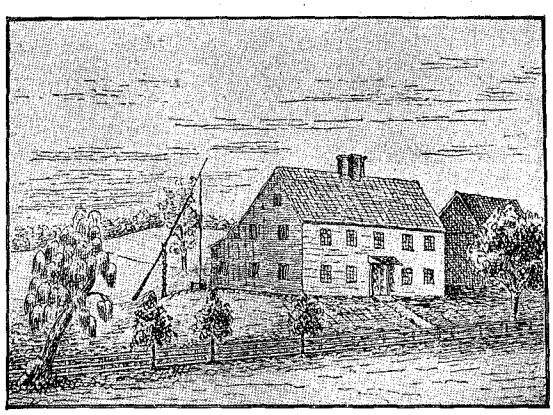
Stiles," edited by Professor Dexter. Against the background of the historical addresses by Justice Brewer, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Gilman, Dr. Welch, President Northrop, and Mr. Thomas Thacher, will stand out the still cherished personalities of the men of light and leading who made the Yale that was—Thacher and Hadley, Dana, Loomis, Newton, Marsh, and Whitney. It all will recall the past: the collection of curious text-books running back to the beginning, to 1701, and starting with Ames's "Medulla Theologiæ;" the collection of paintings by Colonel Trumbull and Samuel F. B. Morse of the class of 1810, the beginning of the Art School; the Greek Festival Hymn composed by Professor Goodell, and set to music by Professor Parker; the old "York Tune" once more, first sung at the Commencement of 1718; the quaint historical costumes of the students in the great torchlight parade; the pantomimes presenting dramatically this or that phase of Yale life to an audience of six thousand in the great quadrangle.

What is the substance behind these shadows of two centuries lived? What the outcome of Yale's evolution? "On a map of the world," says Lowell, "you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices-Current; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man." Judea and Athens may have passed, but their traditions are perpetuated in living ideals. So with the contributions to national life of two centuries of Yale. Its traditions have grown into ideals. To certain of these Yale has been consistently steadfast. To the great American tradition of democracy, knowing no favorite in the class-room, and ranking a man on the campus by what he is and not by what he has; to another great American tradition, the good of the majority, applying a curriculum not to favor the few but to develop and discipline the many; to the tradition of the humanities as opposed to the utilities, in teaching first what the cultured man ought to know, rather than what, under pressure of industrialism, he needs to know for his individual calling.

Can the university be true to the traditions of the college? The answer is the felicitous word with which President Eliot conferred on President Hadley the hood of his Harvard degree: "Prophet of her upward career." Under Hadley one thing is assured—modification of tradition will not mean impairment of ideal. To that already bears witness the intensity of his deliverance on the materialism of American life. Confident, then, of a high and strong leadership, the graduates and friends of Yale may, in the noble words of Stedman's "Commencement Ode," with confidence commit her to her third century:

Mother of Learning! thou whose torch
Starward uplifts, afar its light to bear,
Thine own revere thee, throned within thy porch,
Rayed with thy shining hair.
The youngest know thee still more young—
The stateliest, statelier yet than prophet-bard hath sung.
O mighty Mother, proudly set
Beside the far, inreaching sea,
None shall the trophied Past forget
Or doubt thy splendor yet to be!



THE HOUSE OF REV. SAMUEL RUSSEL
Where Yale College was founded in 1700.

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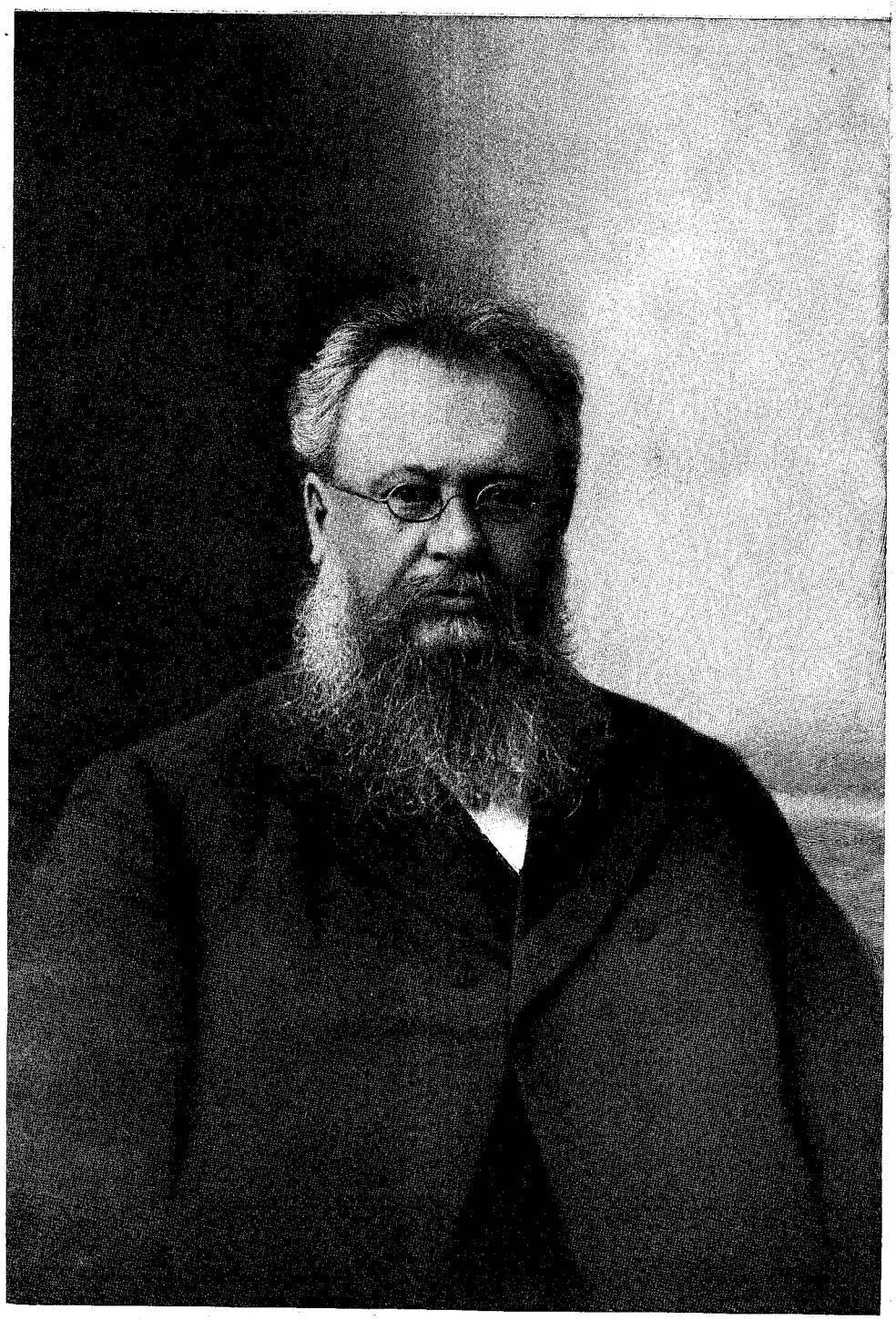

JOHN FISKE
Historian, Teacher, Philosopher. Died July 4.

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MY LITTLE ONES PICKING DAISIES FOR "THE POORS"
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN*

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter XI.—The Bend is Laid by the Heels

IF there be any to whom the travail through which we have just come seems like a mighty tempest in a teapot, let him quit thinking so. It was not a small matter. To be sure, the wrong could have been undone in a day by the authorities, had they been so minded. That it was not undone was largely, and illogically, because no one had a word to say in its defense. When there are two sides to a thing, it is not difficult to get at the right of it in an argument and to carry public opinion for the right. But when there is absolutely nothing to be said against a proposed reform, it seems to be human nature—American human nature, at all events—to expect it to carry itself through with the general good wishes but no particular lift from any one. It is a very charming expression of our faith in the power of the right to make its way, only it is all wrong: it will not make its way in the generation that sits by to see it move. It has got to be moved along, like everything else in this world, by men. That is how we take title to the name. That is what is the matter with half our dead-letter laws. The other half were just still-born. It is so, at this moment, with the children's playgrounds in New York. Probably all thinking people subscribe to-day to the statement that it is the business of the municipality to give its children a chance to play, just as much as to give them schools to go to. Everybody applauds it. The authorities do not question it; but still they do not provide playgrounds. Private charity has to keep a beggarly half-dozen going where there ought to be forty or fifty. Call it official conservatism, inertia, treachery, call it by soft names or hard, in the end it comes to this, I suppose, that it is the whetstone upon which our purpose is sharpened, and in that sense we have apparently got to be thankful for it. So a man may pummel his adversary and accept him as a means of grace at the same time. If there were no snags, there would be no wits to clear them away, or strong arms to wield the ax. It was the same story with the Mulberry Bend. Until the tramp lodging-houses were closed, until the Bend was gone, it seemed as if progress were flat down impossible. As I said, decency had to begin there, or not at all.

Before I tackle the Bend perhaps I had better explain how I came to take up photographing as a—no, not exactly as a pastime. It was never that with me. I had use for it, and beyond that I never went. I am downright sorry to confess here that I am no good at all as a photographer, for I would like to be. The thing is a constant marvel to me and an unending delight. To watch the picture come out upon the plate that was blank before and that saw with me for perhaps the merest fraction of a second, maybe months before, the thing it has never forgotten, is a new miracle every time. If I were a clergyman I would practice photography and preach about it. But I am jealous of the miracle. I do not want it explained to me in terms of HO^2 or such like formulas, learned, but so hopelessly unsatisfying. I do not want my butterfly stuck on a pin and put in a glass case. I want to see the sunlight on its wings as it flits from flower to flower, and I don't care a rap what its Latin name may be. Anyway, it is not its name. The sun and the flower and the butterfly know that. The man who sticks a pin in it does not and never will, for he knows not its language. Only the poet does among men. So, you see, I am disqualified from being a photographer. Also, I am clumsy, and impatient of details. The ax was ever more to my liking than the graving-tool. I have lived to see the day of the

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ax and enjoy it, and now I rejoice in the coming of the men and women who know; the Jane Addamses who to heart add knowledge and training, and with gentle hands bind up wounds which, alas! too often I struck. It is as it should be. I only wish they would see it and leave me out for my sins.

But there! I started out to tell about how I came to be a photographer, and here I am, off on the subject of philanthropy and social settlements. To be precise, then, I began taking pictures by proxy. It was upon my midnight trips with the sanitary police that the wish kept cropping up in me that there were some way of putting before the people what I saw there. A drawing might have done it, but I cannot draw, never could. There are certain sketches of mine now on record that always arouse the boisterous hilarity of the family. They were made for the instruction of our first baby in wolf-lore, and I know they were highly appreciated by him at the time. Maybe the fashion in wolves has changed since. But, anyway, a drawing would not be evidence of the kind I wanted. We used to go in the small hours of the morning into the worst tenements to count noses and see if the law against overcrowding was violated, and the sights I saw there gripped my heart until I felt that I must tell of them, or burst, or turn anarchist, or something. A man may be a man "even in a palace" in modern New York as in ancient Rome, but not in a slum tenement. So it seemed to me, and in anger I looked around for something to strike off his fetters with. But there was nothing.

I wrote, but it seemed to make no impression. One morning, scanning my newspaper at the breakfast-table, I put it down with an outcry that startled my wife, sitting opposite. There it was, the thing I had been looking for all those years. A four-line despatch from somewhere in Germany, if I remember right, had it all. A way had been discovered, it ran, to take pictures by flashlight. The darkest corner might be photographed that way. I went to the office full of the idea, and lost no time in looking up Dr. John T. Nagle, at the time in charge of the Bureau of Vital Statistics in the Health Department, to tell him of it. Dr. Nagle was an amateur photographer of merit and a good fellow besides, who entered into my plans with great readiness. The news had already excited much interest among New York photographers, professional and otherwise, and no time was lost in communicating with the other side. Within a fortnight a raiding party composed of Dr. Henry G. Piffard and Richard Hoe Lawrence, two distinguished amateurs, Dr. Nagle and myself, and sometimes a policeman or two, invaded the East Side by night, bent on letting in the light where it was so much needed.

At least that was my purpose. To the photographers it was a voyage of discovery of the greatest interest; but the interest centered in the camera and the flashlight. The police went along from curiosity; sometimes for protection. For that they were hardly needed. It is not too much to say that our party carried terror wherever it went. The flashlight of those days was contained in cartridges fired from a revolver. The spectacle of half a dozen strange men invading a house in the midnight hour armed with big pistols which they shot off recklessly was hardly reassuring, however honeyed our words, and it was not to be wondered at if the tenants bolted through windows and down fire-escapes wherever we went. But as no one was murdered, things calmed down after a while, though months after I found the recollection of our visits hanging over a Stanton Street block like a nightmare. We got some good pictures; but very soon the slum and the awkward hours palled upon the amateurs. I found myself alone just when I needed help most. I had made out by the flashlight possibilities my companions little dreamed of.

I hired a professional photographer next whom I found in dire straits. He was even less willing to get up at 2 A.M. than my friends who had a good excuse. He had none, for I paid him well. He repaid me by trying to sell my photographs behind my back. I had to replevin the negatives to get them away from him. He was a pious man, I take it, for when I tried to have him photograph the waifs in the baby nursery at the Five Points House of Industry, as they were saying their "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the plate came out blank the second time, he owned up that it was his doing: it went

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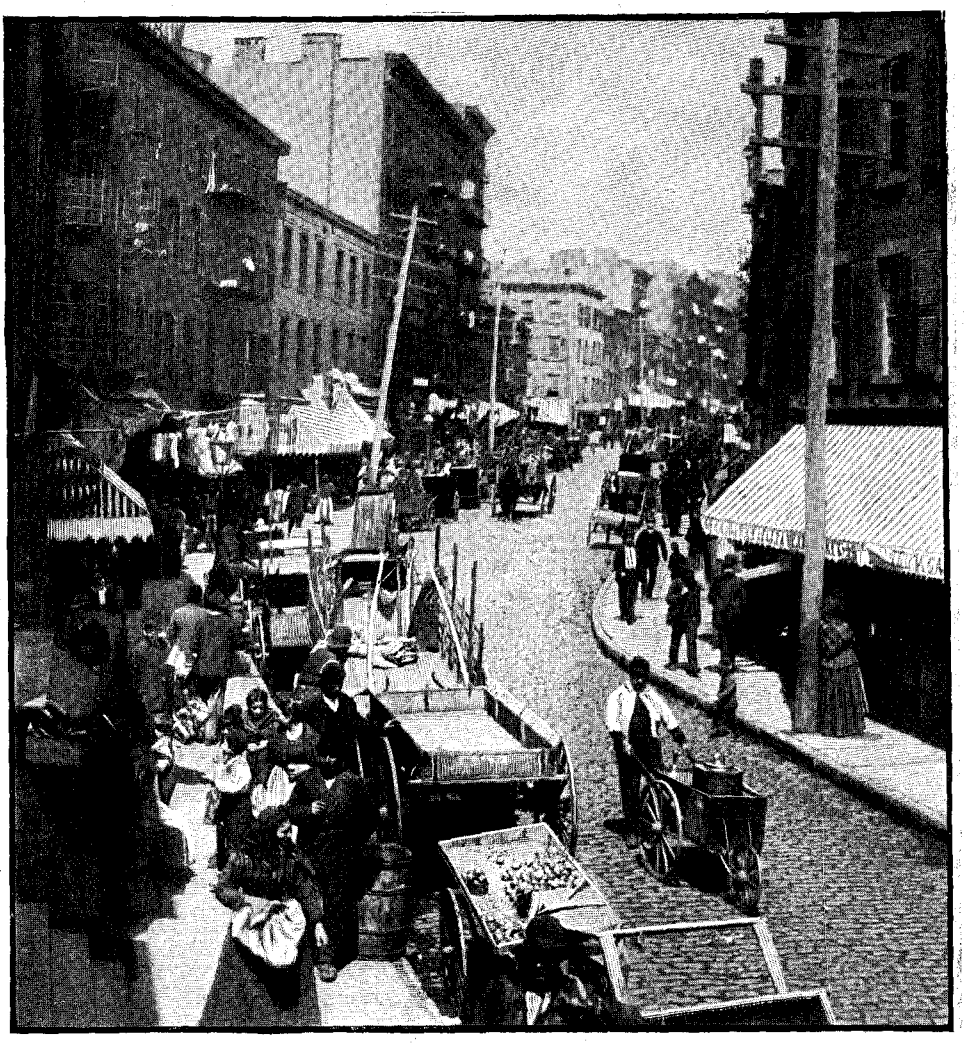

MULBERRY BEND AS IT WAS

against his principles to take a picture of any one at prayers. So I had to get another man with some trouble and expense. But on the whole I think the experience was worth what it cost. The spectacle of a man prevented by religious scruples from photographing children at prayers, while plotting at the same time to rob his employer, has been a kind of chart to me that has piloted me through more than one quagmire of queer human nature. Nothing could stump me after that. The man was just as sincere in the matter of his scruple as he was rascally in his business dealings with me.

There was at last but one way out of it; namely, for me to get a camera myself. This I did, and with a dozen plates took myself up the Sound to the Potter's Field on its desert island to make my first observations. There at least I should be alone, with no one to bother me. And I wanted a picture of the open trench. I got it, too. When I say that with the sunlight of a January day on the white snow I exposed that extra-quick instantaneous plate first for six seconds, then for twelve, to make sure I got the picture,[1] and then put the plate-holder back among the rest so that I did not know which was which, amateur photographers will understand the situation. I had to develop the whole twelve

[1] Men are ever prone to doubt what they cannot understand. With all the accumulated information on the subject, even to this day, when it comes to taking a snap-shot, at the last moment I weaken and take it under protest, refusing to believe that it can be. A little more faith would make a much better photographer of me.

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A FLASHLIGHT EXCURSION
"Armed with big pistols which they shot off recklessly."
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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to get one picture. That was so dark, almost black, from over-exposure as to be almost hopeless. But where there is life there is hope, if you can apply that maxim to the Potter's Field, where there are none but dead men. The very blackness of my picture proved later on, when I came to use it with a magic lantern, the taking feature of it. It added a gloom to the show more realistic than any the utmost art of professional skill might have attained.

So I became a photographer, after a fashion, and thereafter took the pictures myself. I substituted a frying-pan for the revolver, and flashed the light on that. It seemed more homelike. But, as I said, I am clumsy. Twice I set fire to the house with the apparatus, and once to myself. I blew the light into my own eyes on that occasion, and only my spectacles saved me from being blinded for life. For more than an hour after I could see nothing and was led about by my companion, helpless. Photographing Joss in Chinatown nearly caused a riot there. It seems that it was against *their* religious principles. Peace was made only upon express assurance being given the guardians of Joss that his picture would be hung in the "gallery at Police Headquarters." They took it as a compliment. The "gallery" at Headquarters is the rogues' gallery, not generally much desired. Those Chinese are a queer lot, but when I remembered my Christian friend of the nursery I did not find it in me to blame them. Once, when I was taking pictures about Hell's Kitchen, I was confronted by a wild-looking man with a club, who required me to subscribe to a general condemnation of reporters as "hardly fit to be flayed alive," before he would let me go; the which I did with a right good will, though with somewhat of a mental reservation in favor of my rivals in Mulberry Street, who just then stood in need of special correction.

What with one thing and another, and in spite of all obstacles, I got my pictures, and put some of them to practical use at once. I recall a midnight expedition to the Mulberry Bend with the sanitary police that had turned up a couple of characteristic cases of overcrowding. In one instance two rooms that should at most have held four or five sleepers were found to contain fifteen, a little baby among them. Most of them were lodgers and slept there for "five cents a spot." There was no pretense at beds. When the report was submitted to the Health Board the next day, it did not make much of an impression—these things rarely do, put in mere words—until my negatives, still dripping from the dark-room, came to reinforce them. From them there was no appeal. It was not the only instance of the kind by a good many. Neither the landlord's protests nor the tenant's plea "went" in face of the camera's evidence, and I was satisfied.

I had at last an ally in the fight with the Bend. It was needed, worse even than in the campaign against the police lodging-houses, for in that we were a company; in the Bend I was alone. From the day—I think it was in the winter of 1886—when it was officially doomed to go by act of legislature until it did go, nine years later, I cannot remember that a cat stirred to urge it on. Whether it was that it had been bad so long that people thought it could not be otherwise, or because the Five Points had taken all the reform the Sixth Ward had coming to it, or because, by a sort of tacit consent, the whole matter was left to me as the recognized Mulberry Bend crank—whichever it was, this last was the practical turn it took. I was left to fight it out by myself. Which being so, I laid in a stock of dry plates and buckled to.

The Bend was a much jollier adversary than the police lodging-houses. It kicked back. It did not have to be dragged into the discussion at intervals, but crowded in unbidden. In the twenty years of my acquaintance with it as a reporter I do not believe there was a week in which it was not heard from in the police reports, generally in connection with a crime of violence, a murder or a stabbing affray. It was usually on Sunday, when the Italians who lived there were idle and quarreled over their cards. Every fight was the signal for at least two more, sometimes a dozen, for they clung to their traditions and met all efforts of the police to get at the facts with their stubborn "fix him myself." And when the detectives had given up in dismay and the man who was cut had got out of the hospital, pretty soon there was news of another fight, and the feud had been sent on one step. By far

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BOTTLE ALLEY, QUARTERS OF THE WHYO GANG, MULBERRY BEND

the most cheering testimony that our Italian is becoming one of us came to me a year or two ago in the evidence that on two occasions Mulberry Street had refused to hide a murderer even of its own village.[1] That was conclusive. It was not so in those days. So, between the vendetta, the mafia, the ordinary neighborhood feuds, and the Bend itself, always picturesque if outrageously dirty, it was not hard to keep it in the foreground. My scrap-book from the year 1883 to 1896 is one running comment on the Bend and upon the official indolence that delayed its demolition nearly a decade after it had been decreed. But it all availed nothing to hurry up things, until, in a swaggering moment, after four years of that sort of thing, one of the City Hall officials condescended to inform me of the real cause of the delay. It was simply that "no one down there had been taking any interest in the thing."

I could not have laid it out for him to suit my case better than he did. It was in the silly season, and the newspapers fell greedily upon the sensation I made. The Bend, moreover, smelled rather worse than usual that August. They made "the people's cause" their own, and shouted treason until the commission charged with condemning the Bend actually did meet and greased its wheels. But at the next turn they were down in a rut again, and the team had to be prodded some more. It had taken two years to get a map of the proposed park filed under the law that authorized the laying out of it. The commission consumed nearly six years in condemning the forty-one lots of property, and charged the city $45,498.60 for it. The Bend itself cost a million, and an assessment of half a million was laid upon surrounding property for the supposed benefit of making it over from a pigsty into a park. Those property-owners knew better. They hired a lawyer who in less than six weeks persuaded the Legislature that it was an injury, not a benefit. The town had to foot the whole bill. But at last it owned the Bend.

[1] The Italians here live usually grouped by "villages," that is, those from the same community with the same patron saint keep close together. The saint's name-day is their local holiday. If the police want to find an Italian scamp, they find out first from what village he hails; then it is a simple matter, usually, to find where he is located in the city.

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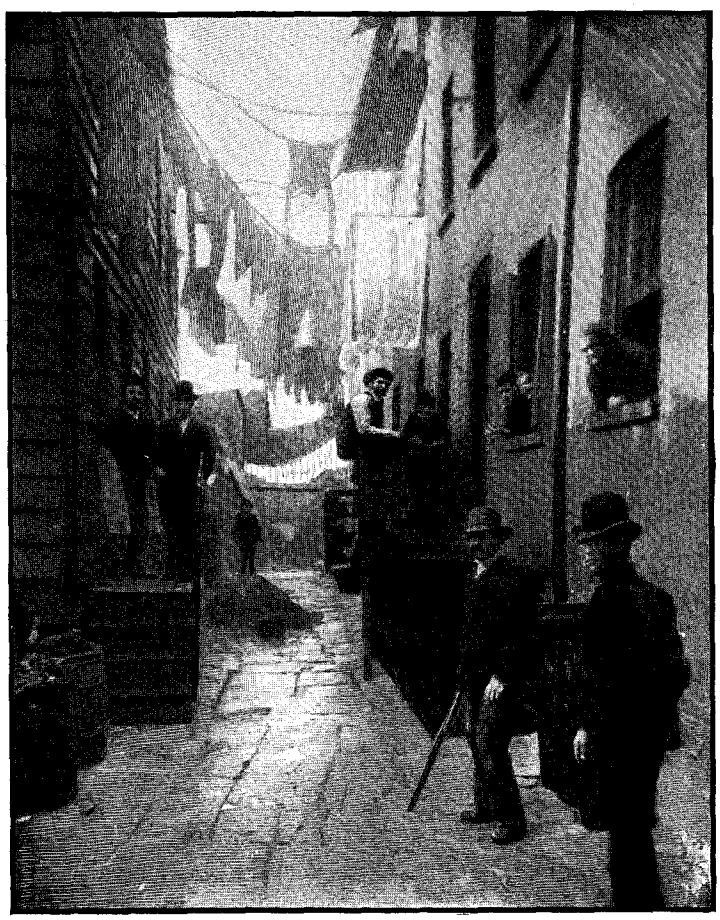
Instead of destroying it neck and crop, it settled down complacently to collect the rents; that is to say, such rents as it could collect. A good many of the tenants refused to pay, and lived rent free for a year. It was a rare chance for the reporter, and I did not miss it. The city as landlord in the Bend was fair game. The old houses came down at last, and for a twelvemonth, while a reform government sat at the City Hall, the three acre lot lay, a veritable slough of despond filled with unutterable nastiness, festering in the sight of men. No amount of prodding seemed able to get it out of that, and all the while money given for the relief of the people was going to waste at the rate of a million dollars a year. The Small Parks Act of 1887 appropriated that amount, and it was to be had for the asking. But no one who had the authority asked, and as the appropriation was not cumulative, each passing year saw the loss of just so much to the cause of decency that was waiting without. Eight millions had been thrown away when they finally came to ask a million and a half to pay for the Mulberry Bend Park, and then they had to get a special law and a special appropriation because the amount was more than "a million in one year." This in spite of the fact that we were then in the Christmas holidays with one year just closing and the other opening, each with its unclaimed appropriation. I suggested that to the powers that were, but they threw up their hands: that would have been irregular and quite without precedent. Oh for irregularity enough to throttle precedent finally and for good! It has made more mischief in the world, I verily believe, than all the other lawbreakers together. At the very outset it had wrecked my hopes of getting the first



BANDITS' ROOST, MULBERRY BEND

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school playground in New York planted in the Bend by simply joining park and school together. There was a public school in the block that went with the rest. The Small Parks Law expressly provided for the construction of "such and so many" buildings for the comfort, health, and "instruction" of the people, as might be necessary. But a school in a park! The thing had never been heard of. It would lead to conflict between two departments! And to this day there is no playground in the Mulberry Bend, though the school is right opposite.

It was, nevertheless, that sort of thing that lent the inspiration which in the end made the old Bend go. It was when, in the midst of the discussion, they showed me a check for three cents, hung up and framed in the Comptroller's office as a kind of red-tape joss for the clerks to kowtow to, I suppose. They were part of the system it glorified. The three cents had miscarried in the purchase of a school site, and, when the error was found, were checked out with all the fuss and flourish of a transaction in millions and at a cost, I was told, of fifty dollars' worth of time and trouble. Therefore it was hung up to be forever admired as the ripe fruit of an infallible system. No doubt it will be there when another Tweed has cleaned out the city's treasury to the last cent. However, it suggested a way out to me. Two could play at that game. There is a familiar principle of sanitary law, expressed in more than one ordinance, that no citizen has a right to maintain a nuisance on his premises because he is lazy or it suits his convenience in other ways. The city is merely the aggregate of citizens in a corporation, and must be subject to the same rules. I drew up a complaint in proper official phrase, charging that the state of Mulberry Bend was "detrimental to health and dangerous to life," and formally arraigned the municipality before the Health Board for maintaining a nuisance upon its premises.

I have still a copy of that complaint, and, as the parting shot to the worst slum that ever was, and, let us hope, ever will be, I quote it here in part:

"The Bend is a mass of wreck, a dumping-ground for all manner of filth from the surrounding tenements. The Street-Cleaning Department has no jurisdiction over it, and the Park Department, in charge of which it is, exercises none.

"The numerous old cellars are a source of danger to the children that swarm over the block. Water stagnating in the holes will shortly add the peril of epidemic disease. Such a condition as that now prevailing in this block, with its dense surrounding population, would not be tolerated by your department for a single day if on private property. It has lasted here many months.

"The property is owned by the city, having been taken for the purposes of a park and left in this condition after the demolition of the old buildings. The undersigned respectfully represents that the city, in the proposed Mulberry Bend park, is at present maintaining a nuisance, and that it is the duty of your honorable Board to see to it that it is forthwith abolished, to which end he prays that you will proceed at once with the enforcement of the rules of your department prohibiting the maintaining of nuisances within the city's limits."

If my complaint caused a smile in official quarters, it was short-lived, except in the Sanitary Bureau, where, I fancy it lurked. For the Bend was under its windows. One whiff of it was enough to determine the kind of report the health inspectors would have to make. That night, before they got around, some boys playing with a truck in the lots ran it down into one of the cellar holes spoken of and were crushed under it, and so put a point upon the matter that took the laughter out of it for good. They went ahead with the park then.

When they had laid the sod, and I came and walked on it in defiance of the sign to "keep off the grass," I was whacked by a policeman for doing it, as I told in the "Ten Years' War." But that was all right. We had the park. And I had been "moved on" before when I sat and shivered in reeking hallways in that very spot, alone and forlorn in the long ago; so that I did not mind. The children who were dancing there in the sunlight were to have a better time, please God! We had given them their lost chance. Looking at them in their delight now, it is not hard to understand what happened: the place that had been redolent of crime and murder became the most orderly in

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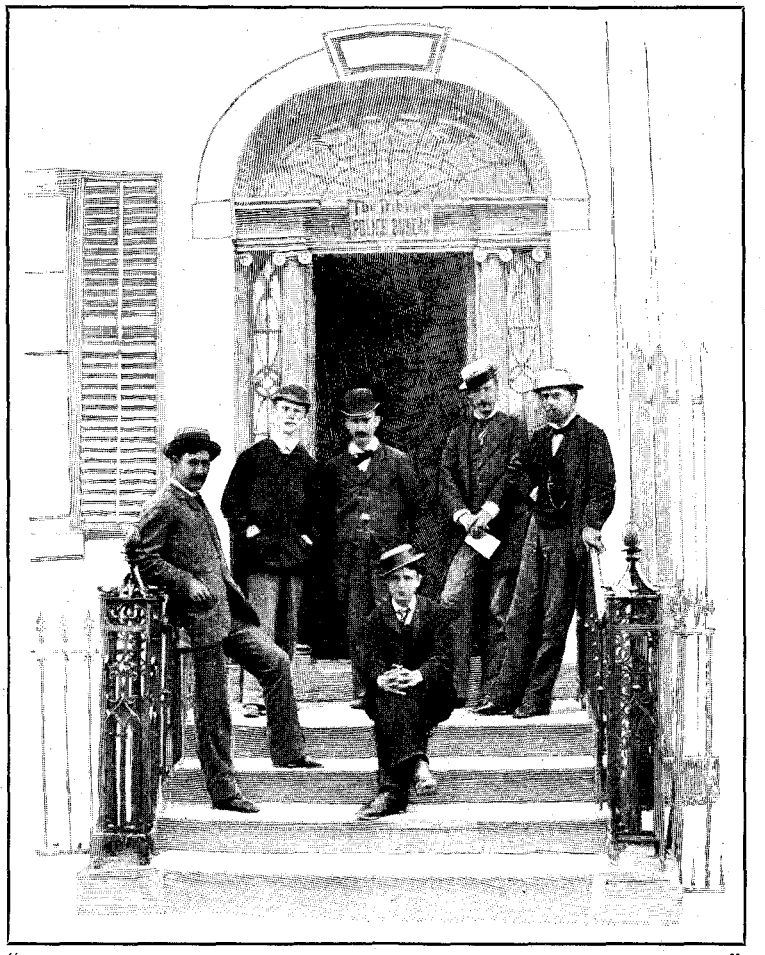
the city. When the last house was torn down in the Bend, I counted seventeen murders in the block all the details of which I remembered. No doubt I had forgotten several times that number. In the four years after that during which I remained in Mulberry Street I was called only once to record a deed of violence in the neighborhood, and that was when a stranger came in and killed himself. Nor had the Bend simply sloughed off its wickedness, for it to lodge and take root in some other place. That would have been something; but that was not it. The Bend had become decent and orderly because the sunlight was let in, and shone upon children who had at last the right to play, even if the sign "keep off the grass" was still there. That was what the Mulberry Bend park meant. It was the story it had to tell. And as for the sign, we shall see the last of that yet. The park was notice served upon it that its time was up.

So the Bend went, and mighty glad am I that I had a hand in making it go. The newspapers puzzled over the fact that I was not invited to the formal opening. I was Secretary of the Small Parks Committee at the time, and presumably even officially entitled to be bidden to the show; though, come to think of it, our committee was a citizens' affair and not on the pay-rolls! The Tammany Mayor who came in the year after said that we had as much authority as "a committee of bootblacks" about the City Hall, no more. So that it seems as if there is a something that governs those things which survives the accidents of politics, and



"OUR BOYS ON THEIR OWN STOOP: THE TRIBUNE POLICE BUREAU"
(Mr. Riis at the right.)

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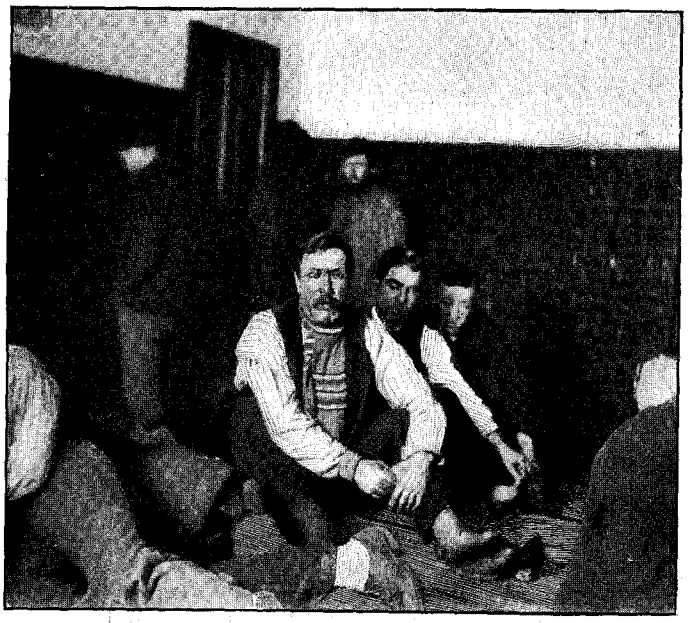
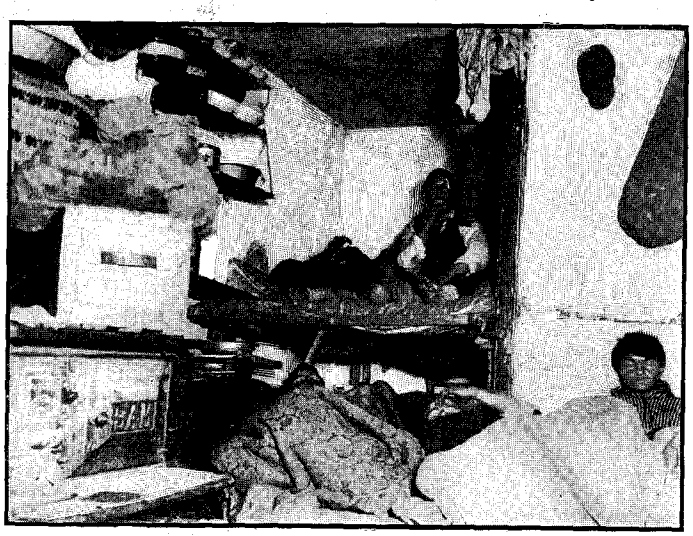


A TENDERLOIN POLICE STATION LODGING-HOUSE
Destroyed by Roosevelt.

which mere citizens are not supposed to understand or meddle with. Anyway, it was best so. Colonel Waring, splendid fellow that he was, when he grew tired of the much talk, made a little speech of ten words that was not on the programme, and after that the politicians went home, leaving the park to the children. There it was in the right hands. What mattered the rest, then?

And now let me go back from the slum to my Brooklyn home for just a visit. I did every night, or I do not think I could have stood it. I never lived in New York since I had a home, except for the briefest spell of a couple of months once when my family were away, and that nearly stifled me. I have to be where there are trees and birds and green hills, and where the sky is blue above. So we built our nest in Brooklyn, on the outskirts of the big park, while the fledgelings grew, and the nest was full when the last of our little pile had gone to make it snug. Rent was getting higher all the time, and the deeper I burrowed in the slum the more my thoughts turned, by a sort of defensive instinct, to the country. My wife laughed, and said I should have thought of that while we yet had some money to buy or build with, but I borrowed no trouble on that score. I was never a good business man, as I have said before, and yet—no! I will take that back. It is going back on the record. I trusted my accounts with the Great Paymaster, who has all the money there is, and he never gave notice that I had overdrawn my account. I had the feeling, and have it still, that if you are trying to do the things which are right, and which you were put here to do, you can and ought to leave ways and means to Him who drew the plans, after you have done your own level best to provide. Always that, of course. If then things don't come out right, it is the best proof in the world, to my mind, that you have



"FIVE CENTS A SPOT"
In an East Side Lodging-house.

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got it wrong, and you have only to hammer away waiting for things to shape themselves, as they are bound to do, and let in the light. For nothing in all this world is without a purpose, and least of all what you and I are doing, though we may not be able to make it out. I got that faith from my mother, and it never put her to shame, so she has often told me.

A CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

Neither did it me. It was in the winter when all our children had the scarlet fever that one Sunday, when I was taking a long walk out on Long Island where I could do no one any harm, I came upon Richmond Hill, and thought it was the most beautiful spot I had ever seen. I went home and told my wife that I had found the place where we were going to live, and that sick-room was filled with the scent of spring flowers and of balsam and pine as the children listened and cheered with their feeble little voices. The very next week I picked out the lots I wanted. There was a tangle of trees growing on them that are shading my study window now as I write. I did not have any money, but right then an insurance company was in need of some one to revise its Danish policies, and my old friend General C. T. Christensen thought I would do. And I did it, and earned two hundred dollars; whereupon Edward Wells, who was then a prosperous druggist, offered to lend me what more I needed to buy the lots, and the manager of our Press Bureau built me a house and took a mortgage for all it cost. So before the next winter's snows we were snug in the house that has been ours ever since, with a ridge of wooded hills, the "backbone of Long Island," between New York and us. The very lights of the city were shut out. So was the slum, and I could sleep.

Fifteen summers have passed since. The house lies yonder, white and peaceful under the trees. Long since, the last dollar of the mortgage was paid and our home freed from debt.[1] The flag flies from it on Sundays in token thereof. Joy and sorrow have come to us under its roof. Children have been born, and one we carried over the hill to the churchyard with tears for the baby we had lost. But He to whom we gave it back has turned our grief to joy. Of all our babies, the one we lost is the only one we have kept. The others grew out of our arms; I hardly remember them in their little white slips. But he is our baby forever. Fifteen happy years of peace have they been, for love held the course.

It was when the daisies bloomed in the spring that the children brought in armfuls from the fields, and bade me take them to "the poors" in the city. I did as they bade me, but I never got more than half a block from the ferry with my burden. The street children went wild over the "posies." They pleaded and fought to get near me, and when I had no flowers left to give them sat in the gutter and wept with grief. The sight of it went to my heart, and I wrote this letter to the papers. It is dated in my scrap-book June 23, 1888:

The trains that carry a hundred thousand people to New York's stores and offices from

[1] I have had my study built on the back lawn so that I may always have it before me, and have a quiet place at the same time, where "papa is not to be disturbed." But, though I put it as far back as I could, I notice that they come right in.

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their homes in the country rush over fields, these bright June mornings, glorious with daisies and clover blossoms. There are too many sad little eyes in the crowded tenements, where the summer sunshine means disease and death, not play or vacation, that will close without ever having looked upon a field of daisies.

If we cannot give them the fields, why not the flowers? If every man, woman, or child coming in should, on the way to the depot, gather an armful of wild flowers to distribute in the tenements, a mission work would be set on foot with which all the almsgiving of this wealthy city could not be compared.

Then why not do it? Ask your readers to try. The pleasure of giving the flowers to the urchins who will dog their steps in the street, crying with hungry voices and hungry hearts for a "posy," will more than pay for the trouble. It will brighten the office, the store, or the school-room all through the day. Let them have no fear that their gift will not be appreciated because it costs nothing. Not alms, but the golden rule, is what is needed in the tenements of the poor.

If those who have not the time or opportunity themselves will send their flowers to 303 Mulberry Street, opposite Police Headquarters, it will be done for them. The summer doctors employed by the Health Department to canvass the tenements in July and August will gladly co-operate. Let us have the flowers.

If I could have foreseen the result, I hardly think that last paragraph would have been printed. I meant to give people a chance to discover for themselves how much pleasure they could get out of a little thing like taking an armful of flowers to town, but they voted unanimously, so it seemed, to let me have it all. Flowers came pouring in from every corner of the compass. They came in boxes, in barrels, and in bunches, from field and garden, from town and country. Express-wagons carrying flowers jammed Mulberry Street, and the police came out to marvel at the row. The office was fairly smothered in fragrance. A howling mob of children besieged it. The reporters forgot their rivalries and lent a hand with enthusiasm in giving out the flowers. The Superintendent of Police detailed five stout patrolmen to help carry the abundance to points of convenient distribution. Wherever we went, fretful babies stopped crying and smiled as the messengers of love were laid against their wan cheeks. Slovenly women courtesied and made way.

"The good Lord bless you," I heard as I passed through a dark hall, "but you are a good man. No such has come this way before." Oh! the heartache of it, and yet the joy! The Italians in the Barracks stopped quarreling to help keep order. The worst street became suddenly good and neighborly. A year or two after, Father John Tabb, priest and poet, wrote, upon reading my statement that I had seen an armful of daisies keep the peace of a block better than the policeman's club:

Peace-makers ye, the daisies, from the soil
Upbreathing wordless messages of love,
Soothing of earth-born brethren the toil
And lifting e'en the lowliest above.

Aye, they did. The poet knew it; the children knew it; the slum knew it. It lost its grip where the flowers went with their message. I saw it.

I saw, too, that I had put my hand to a task that was too great for me, yet which I might not give over, once I had taken it up. Every day the slum showed me that more clearly. The hunger for the beautiful that gnawed at its heart was a constant revelation. Those little ones at home were wiser than I. At most I had made out its stomach. This was like cutting windows for souls that were being shrunk and dwarfed in their mean setting. Shut them up, once the sunlight had poured in—never! I could only drive ahead, then, until a way opened. Somewhere beyond it was sure to do that.

And it did. Among the boxes from somewhere out in Jersey came one with the letters I. H. N. on. I paid little attention to it then, but when more came so marked, I noticed that they were not all from one place, and made inquiries as to what the letters meant. So I was led to the King's Daughters' headquarters, where I learned that they stood for "In His Name." I liked the sentiment; I took to it at once. And I liked the silver cross upon which it was inscribed. I sometimes wish I had lived—no! I do not. That's dreaming. I have lived in the best of all times, when you do not have to dream things good, but can help make them so. All the same, when I put on the old crusader's cross which King Christian sent me a year ago from Denmark, and think of the valiant knights who wore it, I feel glad and proud that, however far behind, I may ride in their train.

So I put on the silver cross, and in the Broadway Tabernacle spoke to the mem-

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THE MULBERRY BEND AS IT IS

bers of the order, asking them to make this work theirs. They did it at once. A committee was formed, and in the summer of 1890 it opened an office in the basement of the Mariners' Temple, down in the Fourth Ward. The Health Department's summer doctors were enlisted, and the work took a practical turn from the start. There were fifty of the doctors, whose duty it was to canvass the thirty thousand tenements during the hot season and prescribe for the sick poor. They had two months to do it in, and with the utmost effort, if they were to cover their ground, could only get around once to each family. In a great many cases that was as good as nothing. They might as well have stayed away, for what was wanted was advice, instruction, a friendly lift out of a hopeless rut, more than medicine. We hired a nurse, and where they pointed there she went, following their track and bringing the things the doctor could not give. It worked well. At the end of the year, when we would have shut up shop, we found ourselves with three hundred families on our hands, to leave whom would have been rank treachery. So we took a couple of rooms in a tenement, and held on. And from this small beginning has grown the King's Daughters' settlement, which to-day occupies two houses at 48 and 50 Henry Street, doing exactly the same kind of work as when they began in the next block. The flowers were and are the open sesame to every home. They were laughed at by some at the start; but that was because they did not know. They are not needed now to open doors; the little cross is known for a friend wherever it goes.

We sometimes hear it said, and it is true, that the poor are more charitable among themselves than the outside world is to them. It is because they know the want; and it only goes to prove that human nature is at bottom good, not bad. In real straits it comes out strongest. So, if you can only make the others see, will they do. The trouble is they do not know, and some of us seem to have cotton in our ears: we are a little hard of hearing. Yet, whenever we put it to the test, uptown rang true. I remember the widow with three or four little ones who had to be wheeled if she were to be able to get about as the doctor insisted. There was no nursery within reach. And I remember the procession of baby-carriages that

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answered our appeal. It strung clear across the street into Chatham Square. Whatever we needed we got. We saw the great heart of our city, and it was good to see.

Personally I had little to do with it, except to form the link with the official end of it, the summer doctors, etc., and to make trouble occasionally. As, for instance, when I surreptitiously supplied an old couple we had charge of with plug tobacco. The ladies took it ill, but, then, they had never smoked. I had, and I know what it is to do without tobacco, for the doctor cut my supply off a long while ago. Those two were old, very old, and they wanted their pipe and they got it. I suppose it was irregular, but I might as well say it here that I would do the same thing again, without doubt. I feel it in my bones. So little have I profited. But, good land! a pipe is not a deadly sin. For the rest I was mighty glad to see things managed with system. It was a new experience to me. On the "Tribune" I had a kind of license to appeal now and again for some poor family I had come across, and sometimes a good deal of money came in. It was hateful to find that it did not always do the good it ought to. I bring to mind the aged bookkeeper and his wife whom I found in a Greene Street attic in a state of horrid want. He had seen much better days, and it was altogether a very pitiful case. My appeal brought in over three hundred dollars, which in my delight I brought him in a lump. The next morning, when going home at three o'clock, whom should I see in a vile Chatham Street dive, gloriously drunk and in the clutches of a gang of Sixth Ward cutthroats, but my protégé, the bookkeeper, squandering money right and left. I caught sight of him through the open door, and in hot indignation went in and yanked him out, giving him a good talking to. The gang followed and began hostilities at once. But for the providential coming of two policemen, we should probably have both fared ill. I had the old man locked up in the Oak Street station. For a wonder, he had most of the money yet, and thereafter I spent it for him.

On another occasion we were deliberately victimized—the reporters in Mulberry Street, I mean—by a man with a pitiful story of hardship, which we took as truth and printed. When I got around there the next morning to see about it, I found that some neighborhood roughs had established a toll-gate in the alley, charging the pitying visitors who came in shoals a quarter for admission to the show in the garret. The man was a fraud. That was right around the corner from a place where years before I used to drop a nickel in a beggar woman's hand night after night as I went past, because she had a baby cradled on her wheezy little hand-organ, until one night the baby rolled into the gutter, and I saw that it was a rag baby and that the woman was drunk. It was on such evidence as this, both as to them and myself, that I early pinned my faith to organized charity as just orderly charity, and I have found good reasons since to confirm me in the choice. If any doubt had lingered in my mind, my experience in helping distribute the relief fund to the tornado sufferers at Woodhaven a dozen years ago would have dispelled it. It does seem as if the chance of getting something for nothing is, on the whole, the greatest temptation one can hold out to frail human nature, whether in the slum, in Wall Street, or out where the daisies grow.

Everything takes money. Our work takes a good deal. It happened more than once, when the bills came in, that there was nothing to pay them with. Now these were times to put to the test my faith as recorded above. My associates in the Board will bear me out that it was justified. It is true that the strain was heavy once or twice. I recall one afternoon, as do they, when we sat with bills amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars before us and not a cent in the bank, so the treasurer reported. Even as she did, the mail-carrier brought two letters, both from the same town as it happened—Morristown, N. J. Each of them contained a check for seventy-five dollars, one from a happy mother "in gratitude and joy," the other from "one stricken under a great sorrow" that had darkened her life. Together they made the sum needed. We sat and looked at each other dumbly. To me it was not strange; that was my mother's faith. But I do not think we, any of us, doubted after that, and we had what we needed, as we needed it.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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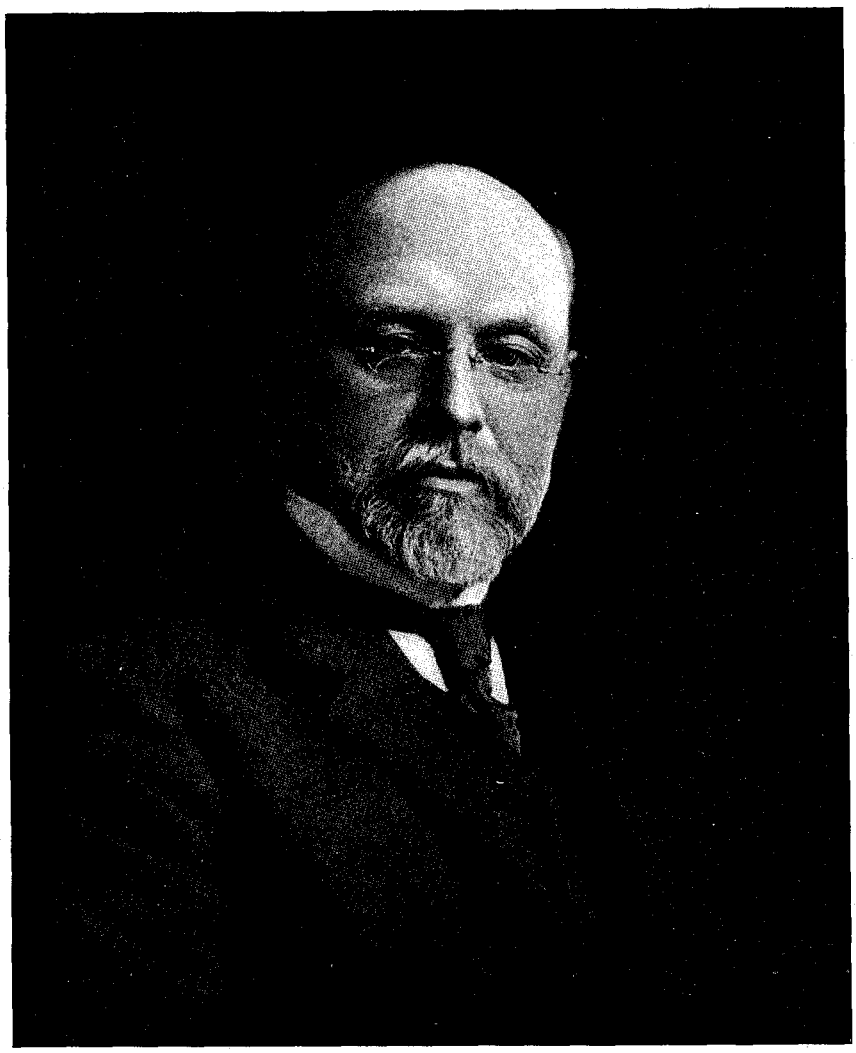

Ira Remsen

On another page Dr. G. Stanley Hall speaks with appreciation and fervor of the educational achievements of President Gilman, who has just retired from the Presidency of the Johns Hopkins University after twenty-five years' service. His successor, Dr. Remsen, takes up the work with an equally long experience as teacher. He has been professor of chemistry in the Johns Hopkins since 1876, holds university degrees from German as well as American institutions, and is among the best-known writers of text-books on chemistry and of contributions to scientific periodicals. His ability as an organizer and in the varied qualifications of which a college president of our day must be possessed is beyond question. His selection is clearly one made in the line of educational promotion for recognized past service. Dr. Remsen is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; the degree of LL.D. was bestowed on him by both Princeton and Columbia, that of Ph.D. by the University of Göttingen. Before taking the professorship of chemistry at Johns Hopkins, he held the same chair for several years at Williams College.

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Daniel Coit Gilman

By G. Stanley Hall

President of Clark University.

IN 1867 Johns Hopkins, a merchant and a member of the Society of Friends, invited twelve prominent citizens of Baltimore to join him in incorporating an institution to be known as the Johns Hopkins University. Nothing was done until Mr. Hopkins died, at the age of seventy-nine, in 1873. His will bequeathed seven million dollars, up to that time the largest single gift ever made to education, to be equally divided between a hospital and the university. The donor trusted his trustees and made no condition, except that the buildings should be erected from the income, the university half of which yielded then nearly $200,000 per year. After wide inquiry, on the thirtieth of December, 1874, Daniel Coit Gilman was elected President, and entered on his duties May 1, 1875, six weeks after the trustees had received from the executors the university part of the bequest.

Dr. Gilman graduated at Yale in 1852; was Professor of Physical Geography there from 1856–72, and did much to develop the Sheffield School; and had been President of the new University of Cailfornia for three years, the plan and initial momentum of which were largely due to him. The summer he spent in visiting institutions and men in this country and Europe, and a year was taken to develop plans. With a deep sense of responsibility, and as a result of seeking the consensus of the competent, the following principles were agreed upon: viz., to keep the institution forever free from ecclesiastical or partisan influence; to make its work as advanced and special as the state of the country would permit; to seek a fame resting upon the character of the teachers and scholars and not upon their number or upon its buildings; to begin with a portion of the philosophical as distinct from a professional faculty; to lay stress on new departments that had not yet received full attention, but not to slight those that were traditional; to emphasize research and to give special attention to literature and the sciences, especially those bearing upon medicine; to expend at first "less than one-third" of its available income upon instruction; and to consider the first year, which began October 3, 1876, as preliminary, that the faculty might be consulted and more experience gathered and matured. It was felt that such a new foundation required new departures and young men in the chairs; and that the institution, while satisfying and conforming to local needs, should be national in its scope.

The President, although not a member of the Board, must attend all its meetings, and was trusted with unusual powers; and—a point of great importance—he was expressly made "the authorized means of communication between the Board and the various officers of instruction and administration." He was not required to teach, and as there were no dormitories or board provided by the university, the faculty were freed from many petty details. A scale of salaries much in advance of Princeton, Yale, and even Harvard was adopted. Thirty scholars and fellows were exempted from fees, so that of the eighty-four students proper who attended the first year, only fifty-four paid any fee. The best available men, wherever found, were made professors; the pressure for all local claimants was resisted; Professor Huxley, then under great disfavor with many religious people, gave the opening address; and first ten and afterwards twenty of the best graduate students were not only exempted from fees, but were paid $500 a year each. These features, now everywhere familiar, but nearly every one of which was then new and some even startling, were the bold programme at which many, if not most, educational leaders shook their heads.

But no great innovation was ever more wisely planned or more triumphantly vindicated by its results. True, the University and Medical School together have to-day only 651 students, including 102 physicians attending special courses; but there are 143 professors and instructors,

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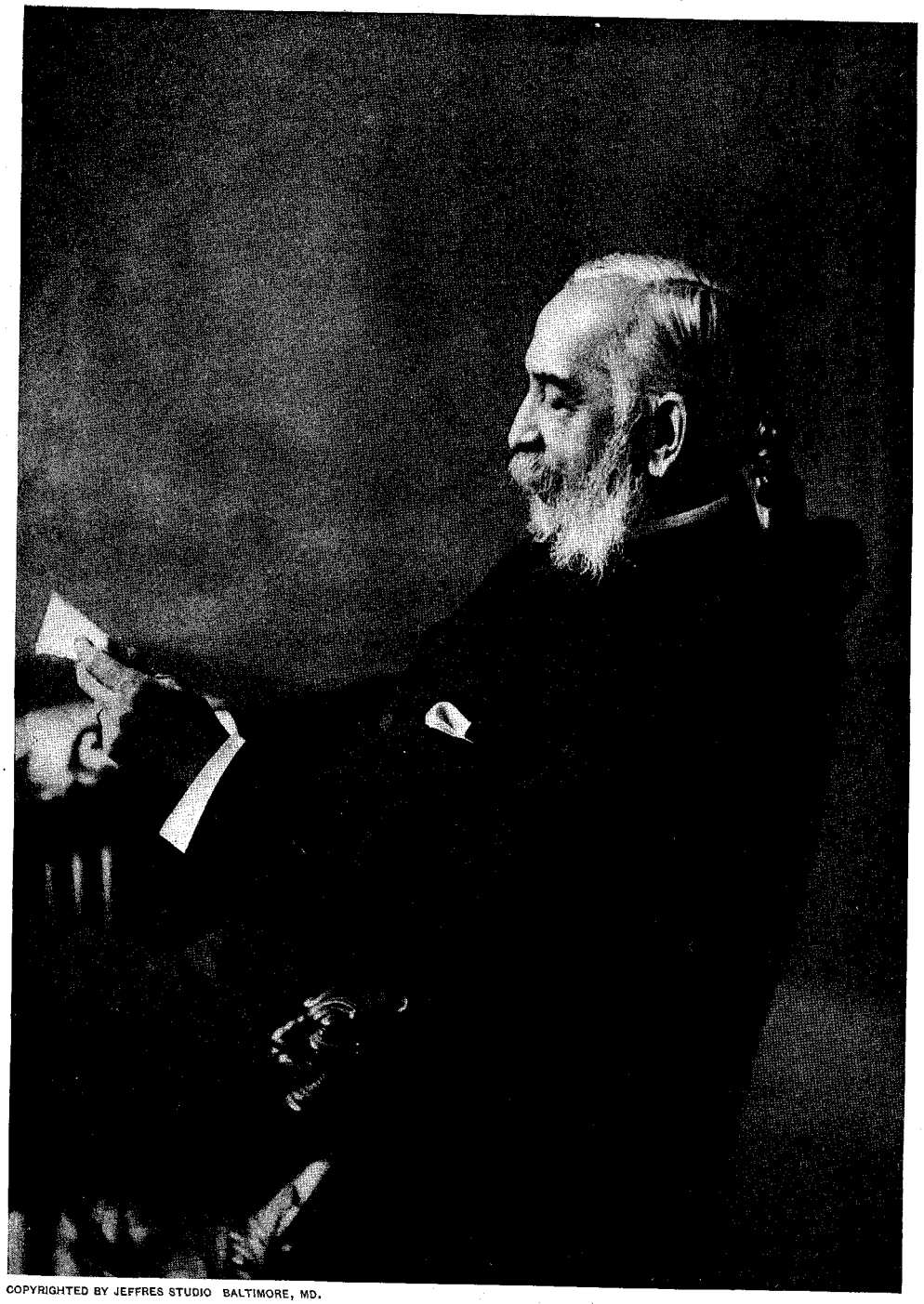

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DANIEL C. GILMAN
President of Johns Hopkins University for twenty-five years.

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or one to every four and a half students, and, measured by the student roll or income from tuition fees, the institution ranks far below many others. But what has it done? It is not too much to say that it has added another and higher story to the educational system of this country, and from the date its doors opened down to that of its recent financial embarrassment it made Baltimore the brightest spot on the educational map of this country; it has trained a surprisingly large proportion of the younger professors who are found in nearly if not quite every American faculty; has given the country new ideals; solved many new problems and suggested many more unknown before; and has been the Mecca toward which every American who is smitten with the love of productive scholarship turns when he prays for National opportunity and life in the higher academic fields. It has been the leader of the higher aspirations in nearly all other American institutions, and all the new "problems of altitude," which it has opened and made familiar, and which first broke up the ruts of tradition and broadened educational questions into those of statesmanship and the evolution of a higher type of man, existed for a time in this country almost solely in the brain and near the heart of this one man. Only when President Gilman's work takes its place and perspective in the clear, cold light of the educational history of this country will the magnitude and significance of the epoch he has inaugurated be fully seen.

True history in this field was perhaps never so hard to write as in this country, pervaded as it is with insidious biases for competing institutions, and the day of impartiality and competency of judgment will dawn late; but just in proportion as love of the higher learning and research prevail, his qualities will become the ideals of leaders in our American system.

President Gilman is essentially an *inside* President. His interest in the work of the individual members of his faculty does not end when they are engaged, but begins. He loves to know something of their every new investigation, however remote from his own specialty, and every scientific or scholarly success feels the stimulus of his sympathy. His unerring judgment of men has been triumphantly justified in the achievements of those he has appointed; and although in selecting young men he has had to walk by faith, he has nowhere shown more sagacity than in applying individual stimuli and checks, and in this sense and to this extent has been a spiritual father of many of his faculty, the author of their careers; and has for years made the institution the paradise and seminarium of young specialists. This has made stagnation impossible, and the growth of professors here in their work has been, I believe, without precedent. When petrography, *e. g.*, a pregnant new departure in science, knocked at the Hopkins door in the person of the brilliant but lamented George Williams, it was opened in welcome, and the country was stocked with young professors from his laboratory. The new psychology, for which other institutions had shown only timidity, was here given its first American home. Now the productivity of our fifty American psychic laboratories rivals, if it does not exceed, that of Germany. Clark University is in a sense an offshoot of the Johns Hopkins, where, small as it has so far been, the inevitable next step of attempting university work only, with no undergraduate section, was first tried. History, biology, mathematics, physics, chemistry, the Romance and Teutonic languages, Sanskrit, Semitic studies, and more lately several departments of medical study and others, have all felt the new life that has come from the seminaries, clinics, laboratories, lecture-rooms, and new journals which began at the Hopkins. In every one of all these lines of work the personality of its President has been an active and beneficent influence.

Dr. Gilman is not pre-eminently an outside President or an outside organizer. He has never been known as an apostle of uniformity. It could never be said of him that there were dollars and students in all or even in anything that he said, in the sense that these considerations determined either what was said or left unsaid. He has had, I believe, no place on any Committee of Ten, Twelve, or Fifteen, and has no share in the unhappy business by which, in some parts of the country, secondary education has been dominated by or subordinated to college

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interests or requirements. He believes in individuality, and holds that institutions were made for men, and not men for institutions. He knows no selfishness, inter-institutional rivalry, nor has he taken part in the tendency to absorb or incorporate other foundations into a great educational trust; but his faith and services are for the university invisible, not made with hands, which consists in the productive scientific work of gifted minds, wherever they are, sympathetic by nature and made still more so by the co-ordination of studies, as one of the most characteristic features of our age.

The difficulties of establishing an institution based on a local gift in a city not lacking local pride, manned so largely by Northern men, and so soon after the war, required infinite personal and social sagacity. That all these dangers have been now so successfully overcome and so far forgotten, and a prospect now open to the University of overcoming its financial difficulties and winning the place it deserves in the heart of Baltimoreans, is the product of a chapter of devotion and self-abnegation which will probably never be written, but if it could be it would have few parallels.

For one, I yield to none in hearty and profound admiration of the great ability and the transforming work of the President of Harvard. The achievements of this great leader alone I am fond in my own thought of comparing with those of President Gilman. The work of the former merits not only all the encomiums it has had, but I believe more and others; but the point here to be noted is that the work of these masters in their field is so radically different as to present surprisingly few points for comparison. In such different lines are the merits and achievements of each that it is sometimes almost startling to observe how little those near the one understand what has been done by the other. A recent "Atlantic" article from the Harvard environment, praising productive scholarship, and in nearly every respect admirable, does little more than repeat the ideals which have inspired the entire Hopkins movement.

Let no one take offense if, in response to The Outlook's request for an article, I seem to have chanted a panegyric or to have spoken too frankly of this leader as he now, in the vigor of his power and to the grief of all, resigns this burden to take up another. Neither our age, nor the tendencies among scientific men, nor, may I add, my own disposition perhaps, inclines to excess of gratitude, praise, appreciation, or reverence. It may be that I speak too much from the heart, and I confess that I feel these sentiments so strongly for but very few men living. As a member of his faculty for eight years I smarted not infrequently under the faithful wounds of this friend; but these were only wholesome and made me all the more his debtor, and the state of my department in the country I think owes more to him than to any other as our American system of education is organized. To advance what he has done even a little in the world would satisfy all my ambitions. He has had optimism enough to sustain his own spirit and that of those about him under painful disappointments, and idealism enough to have made a long and magnificent fight against the materializing tendencies too prevalent here in higher education, and to demonstrate that often the most ideal thing is also the most practical.

May his spirit be forever dominant in Baltimore, and inspire other such leaders elsewhere! May he be recognized as the best friend that young scholars with a noble ambition for careers in the field of pure learning and knowledge, who have had such a hard time heretofore in our best institutions, ever had in this country! May the influences felt at the Hopkins reach future donors, so that they shall not attach conditions to their bequests that are liable to frustrate purposes nearest their own hearts, and make such services as his impossible! May the impending reaction already felt in Germany and France against educating collegians in masses, and in favor of small institutions with close personal relations between teacher and taught, especially needful in the early stages of research when the mind is first getting into independent motion, feel all the encouragement and support that there is in his work; and may he be encouraged in his new fields by the hearty Godspeed of all who in this day of national expansion feel profoundly that the apex of our system of higher education should be no longer in Europe!

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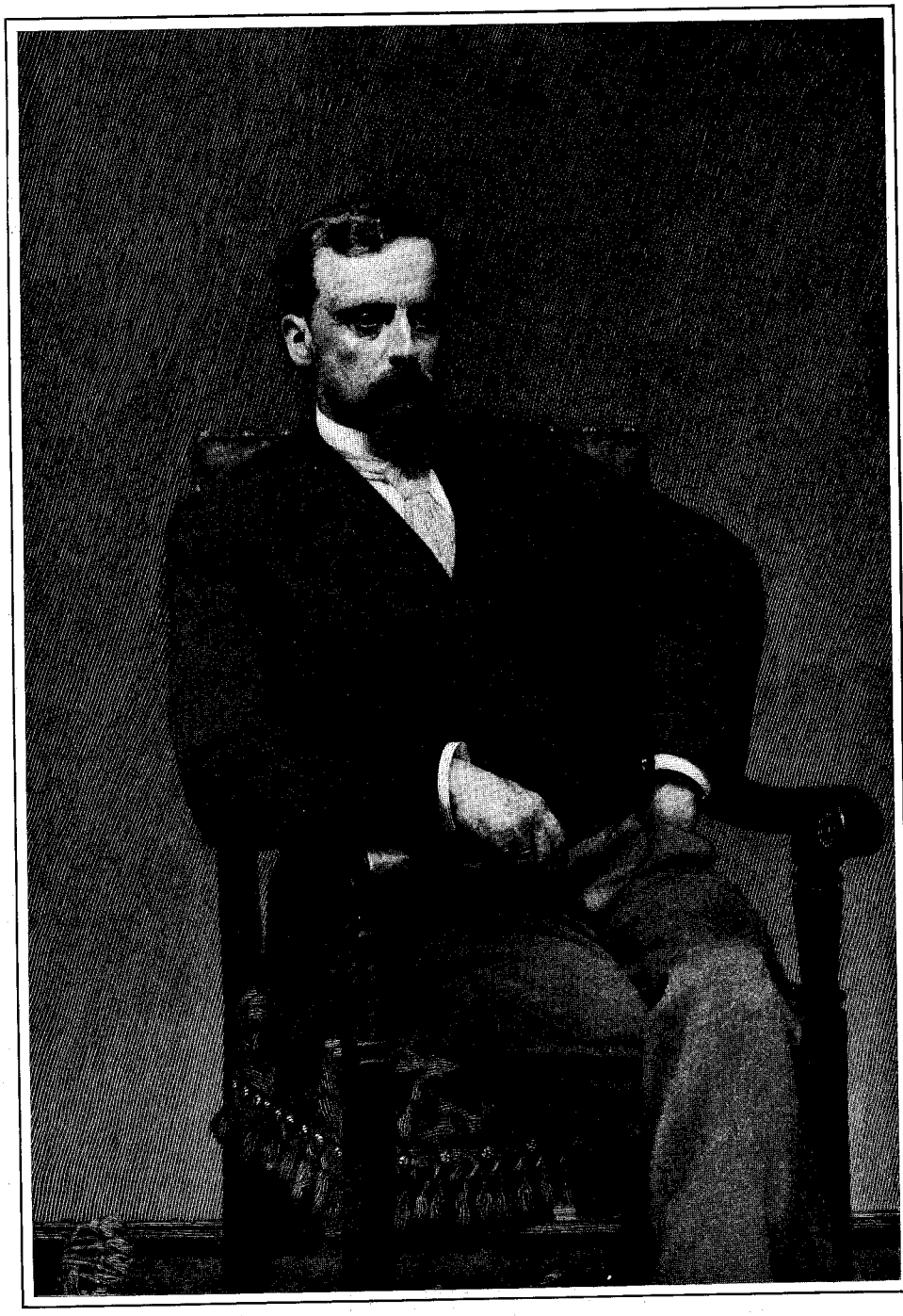

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
From a painting by K. Puchwalski.

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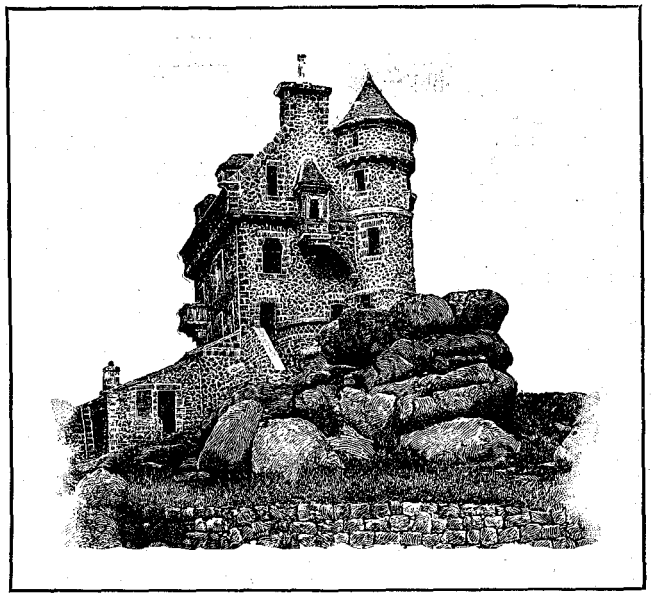

WHERE SIENKIEWICZ WROTE "QUO VADIS"

A VISIT TO SIENKIEWICZ

By Louis E. Van Norman

THE quaint old Polish city of Cracow was celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of its University. In the ancient church of Panna Anna, where the degrees were being bestowed, sat a great company of local dignitaries and visiting delegations from all over the world. Count Stanislaw Tarnowski, rector of the University, in his flaming crimson and ermine, presided. At his right hand, in plain evening dress, stood President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins. He was responding to the address of welcome for the universities of America. Said he: "America thanks Poland for three great names: Copernicus, to whom all the world is indebted; Kosciuszko, who spilled his blood for American independence; and Sienkiewicz, whose name is a household word in thousands of American homes, and who has introduced Poland to the American people." The novelist, who was in the audience, arose and bowed, blushing consciously, and the audience fairly went wild. One of the gigantic side-marshals, in slashed buff waistcoat and vermilion-topped boots, who stood near the writer, fairly shouted in his enthusiasm. "That's it," he cried approvingly, when I had translated the speaker's words, "that's it. As long as Sienkiewicz lives—'*Jeszcze Polska nië zginela*'" (Poland is not yet lost).

The American had given a character sketch of Sienkiewicz in that phrase—"who has introduced Poland to the American people." It is not as "the author of 'Quo Vadis'" that the name of Sienkiewicz will be longest and best remembered, although such is the popular way (at least in America) of referring to him. It is as the man who made his country known to the world, as the author of the Trilogy of Polish novels, that he claims the affection and homage of his countrymen. A rare honor it certainly is for any one man to be able to introduce his country and countrymen to the world, to recall to the memory of mankind an oppressed and almost forgotten people, and to so revivify its past that the whole civilized world pauses to look and listen as though a new protagonist had stepped

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upon the stage of the century. Such is indeed a rare honor, but it belongs to Henryk Sienkiewicz, incomparably the greatest prophet of Polish nationality.

The applause that greeted the words of President Gilman at the University celebration already alluded to had more than enthusiasm in it. It had a note of triumph only fully to be appreciated when one understands just how much the great novelist means to his countrymen. To the American, the Englishman, the German, Henryk Sienkiewicz is a masterly weaver of fascinating, powerful, realistic romances. To the Pole he is all this and much more. He is his country's first adequate interpreter to the world, and his works are the mirror in which "Sarmatia sees her strenuous, beautiful self." To an audience larger, more widely distributed, and more generally intelligent than that of any other living author—with the possible exception of Tolstoï—he says: "Gentlemen, permit me to present Poland. This is not mere story-telling, literary portraiture, romance-building. This is a great people; Poland with all her magnificent virtues, all her lamentable shortcomings. Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you Poland." The novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz have been translated into almost every civilized tongue. Sixteen of his books are now (1900) in English, thirty-nine in Russian, fifteen in German, fourteen in Bohemian, nine in Italian, eight in French, three in Swedish, one in Spanish, one in Portuguese, one in Greek, two in Armenian, and some of the shorter stories in other less important tongues. In Russia he is read more than any other author—not excepting Tolstoï. Russians know Polish history, and, moreover, in the romances the two peoples are never at enmity. Was this a clever diplomatic stroke of the novelist, or was it merely a coincidence?

Twice last summer, during my stay in Poland, I met and conversed with this greatest of living Polish writers. A man in the prime of life and in the plenitude of his powers, hearty, cordial, and courteous, slightly reserved at times, always modest and unassuming; a man of the middle height, with a kindly, honest face and quiet manners, with now and then the almost hunted look of one who fears the "lionizer"—such was, in brief, the impression made by Henryk Sienkiewicz when I first saw him. His was a most winning personality, with simple, natural dignity, and an utter lack of pose. A party was visiting the famous old salt-mines of Wieliczka. The novelist and his family, a son of seventeen or eighteen and a daughter of perhaps sixteen—a sweet-faced little lady with the most delightful of manners—were thoroughly enjoying themselves amid the wonders of the underground city of salt. As we threaded our way through the maze of galleries, halls, and chapels, he talked freely of his books in America and of the different dramatizations of "Quo Vadis" which have appeared in England and this country. "The staging and scenery in American theaters," he said, decidedly, "are the best in the world." A couple of hours spent in conversation with the novelist in his summer cottage at Zakopane, in the Carpathian Mountains, showed the man still more at his ease.

Mr. Sienkiewicz does not live in any one place for any great length of time. Every year he spends a month or two in the Carpathians. This is for the sake of his children, as the mountain air scarcely agrees with him, although he derives considerable benefit from the warm mineral baths at a small hamlet near Zakopane. He prefers, however, the castle of a friend in Brittany. At Saint-Maur, on the British Channel, M. Abakanowitch (who died within the past few months) had a delightful old château. Here the novelist used to pass much of his time. Here it was that a good portion of "Quo Vadis," "The Family of Polanyetski," and "The Knights of the Cross" was written. During a portion of the year also he lives in Italy to get color for his classical stories. His "official" home is in Warsaw.

The novelist had just returned from a walk with his daughter when I presented myself at the cottage. His naturally olive complexion was flushed with the exercise, and he flourished a *ciupag* (or hatchet-headed mountain-stick) gleefully as he stepped buoyantly into the room where I sat. "French or English, as you please," he said cordially, when I began to apologize for my ignorance of Polish. So we chatted in both languages.

"My cottage is very plain, you see," he continued, offering me a cigar, "but

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PAN ZAGLOBA
From a painting by P. Stachiewicz.

comfortable, and in real Zakopanski style."

Delightful and unique is this Zakopanski or Carpathian style of building and carving. It looks like a clever amalgamation of the Norwegian and Swiss, but yet with a new stamp, cast in a new mold peculiarly its own. The wood-carving of these *górali*, or peasant mountaineers, is really wonderful. From the massive newel-post at the foot of the stairs to the delicate filigree leaf-tracery of the paper-knife on Mr. Sienkiewicz's desk, it is all done by hand, and—O rare temperance and restraint!—left quite unsmirched by the vandal, vulgar paint. Fresh, clean, white wood, wrought into beautiful, artistic forms, with the ozone and tang of the forest still clinging to it, makes grateful, appropriate surroundings for a study. A few books and a couple of fur rugs—the spoil of the mountains—complete the den of the novelist.

"I don't care for society," he said, smilingly, "and am quite satisfied with the companionship of my children and a few intimate friends."

He heartily dislikes to be lionized, and

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"NEAR THE ANCIENT PORTA CAPENA STANDS TO THIS DAY A LITTLE CHAPEL WITH THE INSCRIPTION 'QUO VADIS, DOMINE?'"

From a painting by Henryk Siemiradzki.

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declares that he cannot make a speech. One of his admirers in Warsaw, however, told me of an impromptu speech of his which few trained speakers could equal. A year or so ago Paderewski gave a concert in Warsaw, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to charity. In responding to a toast to Paderewski, Mr. Sienkiewicz declared that, if he were a word-master (referring to a compliment from the great pianist), Paderewski was infinitely greater as a tone-master. "I am neither an orator nor a musician," he said, "but at this concert I have made a surprising discovery. I am not a musician, but I am very musical—like an instrument with all the necessary strings and keys, which awaits only the artist's touch to wake its melody. My musicalness waited the master's hand. As Paderewski played the 'Schumann Concerto,' I, of the *vulgus profanus*, felt all the longings of both composer and virtuoso. He played Chopin, and to me it seemed that the music spoke to my soul, till, in the words of the poet, 'my tears flowed fast and clear.' He played the 'Polish Fantasie,' and immediately in my thoughts there was a marriage between the sounds that flowed from the artist's fingers and the words of the poet Pol:

"'And do you not see, my countrymen, the countenance of your native land?'

Some one was playing on my soul as on a harp. Paderewski has forbidden any one to praise him. I will not praise him personally. I will only pray, 'Send us more like him who can ennoble and charm the heart of my country!'"

A most modest man is this world-famous author. You cannot extract personalities (except the meagerest) from him by any means known to the diplomat's art or the journalist's craft. "I toiled at short stories until I could write a good one before I attempted longer productions." This is the terse way he sums up his early literary struggles. A search among the "biography pigeonholes" of certain Warsaw newspapers supplies the information that, like most eminent literary men, his beginnings were arduous and discouraging. From his mother, Stephani Cieciszewska, who was a poetess of taste and culture, he inherited a taste for literature. He wrote a series of critical articles in 1869, in his twenty-fifth year, but they attracted no attention. The next year he tried a novel, but that met a fate strangely appropriate to its title—"In Vain." No one credited him with talent, and he lost heart. In the year of our Centennial he came to this country and joined Madame Modjeska's famous colony of expatriated Poles in California. Then came his sketches of travel in America. "I know the great West of America as a traveler only," he said. Here I fancied I could detect the faintest apologetic touch to the voice. Perhaps the novelist has had an inkling of the sensitiveness of Americans to the opinions of distinguished foreigners, like Dickens and himself, who have seemed hasty in their generalizations of America "as seen from a car window." Mr. Sienkiewicz's reference to pigs in the streets of New York somehow lingers unpleasantly in the memory.

"I have traveled somewhat," he said, it seemed almost reluctantly. "Hunting has been one of the master passions of my life. I have spent considerable time in Africa looking for big game. I have also been in France a great deal. I have the greatest affection for France."

"How do I write a novel?" He laughed. "What a question that is, and how can I possibly answer it? I prepare to write a novel by reading every book and document referring to it in all languages that I can lay hold of. Then I let it all soak for a while [the novelist did not use the word "soak," but explained more in detail that he meant that process]. Then I write. That is all. 'Quo Vadis' was comparatively easy. There was a great wealth of books and documents to draw from. Tacitus was a gold-mine. It took about eighteen months to complete 'Quo Vadis,' which was my first serious effort in the classical field. The Trilogy was more difficult, requiring very careful research, and the study of old and generally obscure authorities."

An amusing incident is told in connection with the serial publication of "Quo Vadis" in a Polish journal. When the installment describing the captivity of Lygia appeared, a deputation of sensitive young girls called upon the author—at least so the story runs—to beg him not to let his heroine die in prison. "It is a simple matter, this letting her escape," naïvely declared one of these young ladies. "Lygia has only to write a letter to her

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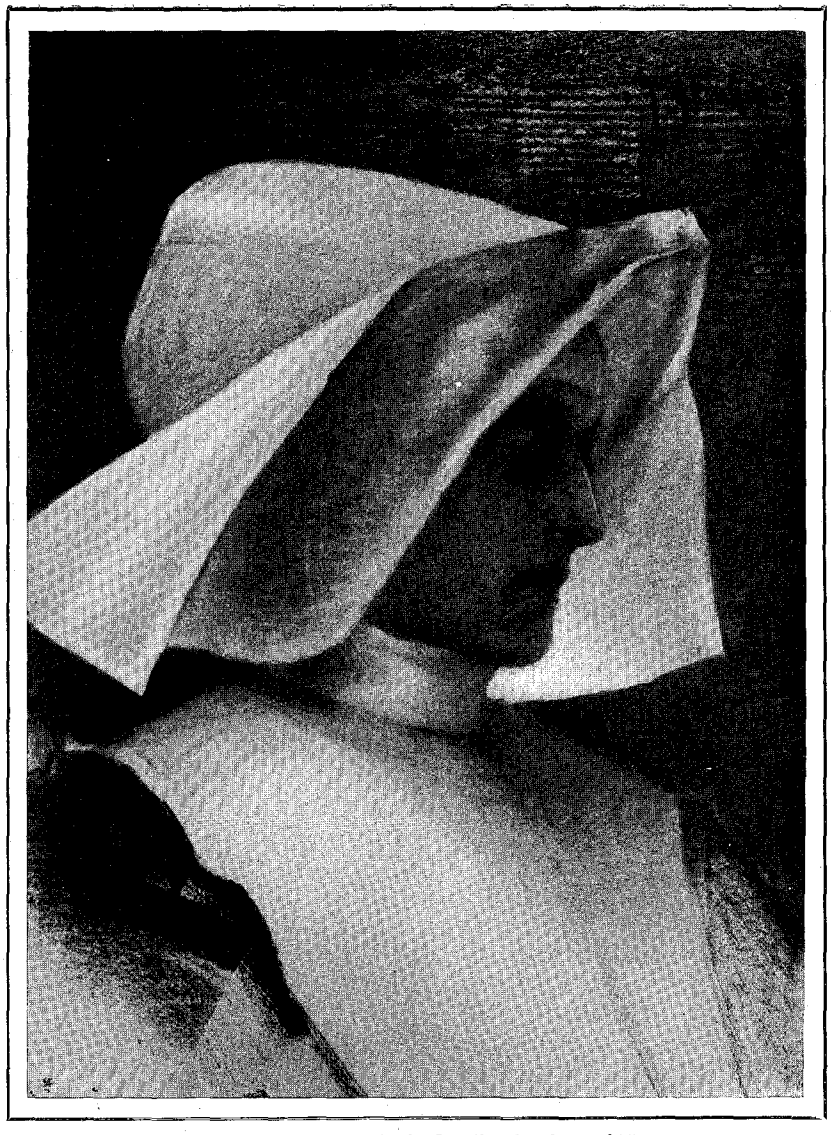

PANI EMILIA (from "The Family of Polanyetski")
From a painting by P. Stachiewicz.

fiancé, and he will see to it." Sienkiewicz smiled and requested his fair petitioner to compose such a letter to him. A few days later, however, he received the following missive:

"*My dear Lygia:*

"It seems that you ought to write to Vinicius, but illness has probably enfeebled your epistolary powers. Address, instead, the simplest, most unpretentious letter to a certain M. Henryk Sienkiewicz, who lives in Warsaw several centuries hence. I have every reason to believe that, if you ask him prettily, he will arrange the matter without the useless complications of further correspondence.

"I embrace you affectionately."

The novelist prefers to be known as the author of the Trilogy: "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan-Michael." No Pole ever refers to him as the author of "Quo Vadis." It is in the Trilogy that he "mirrors his native land." His countrymen call the Trilogy the Polish national epic, and an English critic (I believe it was Mr. Edmund Gosse) declares that the Trilogy has shown Sienkiewicz to be "Scott and Dumas rolled

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HANIA

From a painting by P. Stachiewicz.

into one, with the added humor of Cervantes and at times the force of Shakespeare." With the tragic, tense, bloody history of his country as a cyclopean background, he has swept with bold, beautiful lines, and his brush has limned a marvelous picture. Battle, adventure, heroism, virile conflict, are the strokes that stand out, but the eurythmy that dominates the entire picture, the light that suffuses the canvas, is that of love. Sienkiewicz knows, with an exquisite knowledge which finds at once the vital point of every situation, that love is and should be the mainspring, the soul, of the novel. He is not afraid of his theme. His characters are not "goody-goodies." They are far from being carpet-knights or shepherdesses of Arcady. Occasionally, for one shuddering second, we get a glimpse of the most brutal depths in his men. They are always strong and virile. He never shrinks from physical love, but when he touches it he does so incidentally, lightly, and then passes. The imagination is never soiled by his scenes or characters. His conception of love is always high, noble, and pure.

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"Aside from the historical characters in the Trilogy, you have given us a number of types, have you not?" I asked. "If Skshetuski, Hmelnitski, Vishnyevetski, Kmita, and Radziwill were actual figures of history, what of Zagloba, of Podbipienta, of Volodiyovski?"

"Michael Volodiyovski was an actual character. There was a knight of that name, known far and wide as 'the best soldier of the Commonwealth.' The manner of his death, including the dramatic visit of Sobieski at his funeral, are historic verities. The siege of the stronghold of Kamenetz in Podolia happened just as I have pictured it."

"And Zagloba?"

"Zagloba is a type, particularly common at the time of which I have written, although I know many Zaglobas to-day in Lithuania, and even here in Galicia."

Boastful yet brave, crafty in council, sharp and witty of tongue, drinking by the bucket rather than by the glass, with an appetite like that of the boars of his native forests, cheerful in the face of adverse fortune, with a humor and kindliness quite unique, the old noble has no analogue in

THE PRINCESS KURCEWICZ, THE GUARDIAN OF HELENA ("With Fire and Sword")
From a painting by P. Stachiewicz.

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any literature, with perhaps the exception of Shakespeare's Falstaff. I suggested the similarity to Mr. Sienkiewicz.

"If I may be permitted to make a comparison," he said, "I think that Zagloba is a better character than Falstaff. At heart the old noble was a good fellow. He would fight bravely when it became necessary, whereas Shakespeare makes Falstaff a coward and a poltroon."

A happier comparison, perhaps, is that of a German critic, who calls Zagloba a second Ulysses. Indeed, the old noble gloried in the resemblance he bore to the wily Greek. In stratagems and deceptions, in outwitting or placating the enemy, in making foes love each other by false yet plausible honeyed speeches, for withering sarcasm, Zagloba is certainly to be compared with Homer's *vir incomparabilis*—having the advantage of kindliness and humor, which the Greek did not have.

"And what of simple, chivalrous Podbipienta, the long Lithuanian knight?"

"Podbipienta is a fantasy, but a true type. In him we see Lithuania." To those who know the Lithuanian type, the fidelity of the artist in depicting Podbipienta is wonderful. Large of limb and heart, simple but strong of mind, taciturn, even moody at times, generous, patient, relentless when his mind was once made up (waiting years to fulfill his vow to cut off the three Turkish heads)—Pan Longin is Lithuania personified.

It was the study of Homer, the novelist declares, that gave him his first conceptions of massive moving armies, of magnificent campaigns of whole nations, which he has utilized in his epic—the Trilogy. He has a passion for Shakespeare and Scott among English writers. Tolstoï he knows thoroughly.

"Which of your own books do you like the best?" I asked.

"I prefer 'The Family of Polanyetski,' although I am not prepared to say just why." In Germany literary authorities agree with the novelist, declaring this his best work.

"I think a great deal of 'Without Dogma,' also," he continued. "In many respects I consider it my strongest work. Of the Trilogy. I regard 'With Fire and Sword' as the best."

"The Knights of the Cross," Mr. Sienkiewicz told me, was the most difficult of all his novels to write. It deals with characters and conditions of a time antecedent to that of the Trilogy, and there was little or no literature to draw from. "I had to dig out my facts from the most obscure sources," he said. The story is also written in old Polish, a harsher, rougher tongue than the speech of to-day, and more difficult to translate. "I took a great deal of interest in working out the characters of King Jagiello and Queen Jadwiga in this book," said he. "Jadwiga, you know, is one of the most beautiful characters in our history, indeed in the history of the world."

At this point in our conversation the novelist's own daughter, Jadwiga, stepped into the room—for a book, she announced. One can see in the face of this beautiful young girl the mother, the dead wife whose loss is the great sorrow of Sienkiewicz's life.

It was shortly after returning to Poland from California that the young author met in Lithuania a young lady of rare grace and spirit, who soon won his heart and became his wife. Reproductions of a painting of her which hangs in the Sienkiewicz house in Warsaw show her to have been of distinguished appearance, with an exquisitely delicate neck and an oval, aristocratic face framed in blonde hair—the type of Lithuanian beauty. Marie Szetkiewicz was for him the embodiment of all beauty and idealistic love. She taught him his true calling—to be interpreter of the life and longings of his country. Under the inspiration of her companionship and aid, he planned the Trilogy. "With Fire and Sword" was completed before her death, which occurred in 1885.

Mr. Sienkiewicz is now engaged upon another classical romance. In fact, he has almost finished it. This has for its central theme, he told me, the life of the Roman Emperor, Julian the Apostate. Sienkiewicz is probably the only living writer who could call forth into relief that splendid, tragic figure. He is also engaged on a novel with the great Polish King, John Sobieski, for the hero.

As I arose to leave, Mr. Sienkiewicz presented to me a large, handsome bronze medal. "A souvenir of our great charm now," he said, with a quiet smile—"our antiquity." It was struck in commemora-

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tion of the five hundredth anniversary of the University of Cracow, of which I have already spoken.

"Old Giewont is very beautiful to-day," I remarked, as we looked toward the great peak of the Tatry towering back of the cottage.

"Yes," he said. "I love these mountains, and the mountaineers also, with their picturesque ways and beautiful poetic language. One can get many an inspiration from their simple lives and delightful old legends."

In Cracow, in Warsaw, in Posen, in the three divisions of the ancient Polish commonwealth, it is the same story one hears everywhere—Henryk Sienkiewicz is absolute master of the hearts of his countrymen. He looms up as the most precious, the most representative, national figure. In all his Polish works it is the same. The Poles find in them their patriotic credo. They are Poland crystallized into literature. They are more. They contain the promise of a future, the germ of the national regeneration.

If an indication of popular appreciation is required, it is but necessary to refer to the enthusiastic and beautiful commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into literature. In December last the whole nation joined in honoring him. It was a national festival. A beautiful estate of three hundred acres in Russian Poland, with a mansion, all the work upon which was contributed as a free gift by Polish artisans, was presented to him. Many other rare and beautiful presents, books, addresses, memorials, were given to him, and the celebrations were concluded with a gala performance at the theater in Warsaw, consisting of a comedy entitled "Pan Zagloba as a Matchmaker." With the deeds of Oblengorek (the estate) were presented four volumes of the names of the subscribers.

I like to think of Henryk Sienkiewicz as I last saw him—in mountain costume, mountain-stick in hand, looking off toward Mount Giewont in that beautiful Carpathian sunset. An old legend has it that one of the brave Polish kings of ancient times, with all his knights, sleeps in the fastnesses of this mountain. When the time comes, and the Polish people are found worthy and united, the legend says that the knights will awake, and rush in full armor to the national defense. The land will then be restored to its ancient splendor. One can almost believe that the word-master's beautiful pictures of Polish love, chivalry, and patriotism have made the nation's fabled deliverers stir in their sleep.

Three Books on the Bible[1]

NEITHER of these authors needs any introduction to our readers; it is needful only to characterize briefly their volumes, which deal with the same general topic and in the same general spirit, though each author treats it in his own manner and for his own purpose.

Professor Moulton gives in a little volume of three hundred and seventy-four pages a summary of the Bible as a collection of literature. He makes a sharp distinction between the literary, the historical, and the theological questions concerning the Bible, and disavows dealing with any but the first. This may be wise for the purpose of disarming criticism, but the distinction cannot be really regarded by the student with any such sharpness of outline as Mr. Moulton attempts in his Introduction. Indeed, he himself disregards this distinction in more than one passage in his volume. Thus he assumes the "sudden discovery" of the Book of Deuteronomy in the days of Josiah, which is surely an historical assumption; he treats the earlier portion of Daniel as a series of "seven stories of the Exile," a view hardly consistent with Daniel's authorship of the book; and his treatment of the Sermon on the Mount as not a single discourse, but a collection in which "the characteristic teaching of Jesus in the earlier part of his career is here massed together and made a symmetrical whole,"

[1] *A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible.* By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Modern Criticism and the Preachers of the Old Testament. Eight Lectures on the Lyman Beecher Foundation, Yale University. By George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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is wholly inconsistent with the old doctrine of the literal inspiration of the sacred writers; we regard it as erroneous for purely literary reasons. Nevertheless, the reader who wishes to get a general view of the Bible as a collection of Hebrew literature, with little accompanying interpretation and practically no theological deduction, will find it in Professor Moulton's book, which might be characterized as a primer of Hebrew literature.

George Adam Smith's volume is homiletical as Professor Moulton's is literary. The modern view of the Bible regards it as the record of a revelation, afforded by the life of a nation rather than by the utterances of forty or fifty especial writers in the nation. What will be the practical effect of this modern view? Will it destroy the religious value of the Bible? Will it make the Bible ineffective for religious instruction? Will it impair its usefulness for the preacher? It may be said that these are not fundamental questions; that if the religious value of the Bible is impaired, religion must seek a basis for authority and an instrument for its development elsewhere; that if the preacher cannot use the Bible as he once did, this is no reason for continuing to use it untruthfully. Nevertheless, they are vital questions, and we are glad to see them discussed by such a man as George Adam Smith, in the spirit in which he discusses all questions. For he is conservative, not through intellectual timidity but through spiritual faith. He accepts with absolute fearlessness all the conclusions to which an untrammeled reason conducts him, because his spiritual perception assures him of the life which reason may explain but can neither create nor destroy. A fine expression of this spirit of mystical rationalism in which this volume is written is afforded by Lecture V. on The Spirit of Christ in the Old Testament, in which the author sets aside unhesitatingly much of the allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament, which, for example, has emphasized the ancient sacrifices of the Levitical law; much of the fanciful typology, such as finds in Solomon a type of Christ; and many of the textual parallels between the Old Testament prophets and New Testament events, of which even Matthew, adopting the Rabbinical method of accommodation, affords illustrations. In lieu thereof Dr. Smith shows how the revelation of the Old Testament from the very earliest period is of a God of grace as well as of law, a Gift-giver as well as a Law-giver, and how this spirit in the Old Testament finds its fulfillment, that is, its consummation, in the life, character, and passion of Jesus Christ. We commend this book heartily to those who are afraid of the New Criticism lest it shall destroy the Bible for the preacher, and especially to those preachers who have accepted the New Criticism, and who desire light on the problem how to make that Criticism serve them in their use of the Bible "for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness."

Dr. Abbott's study of "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" appeared in part in the columns of The Outlook, and is therefore familiar to its readers. The chapters have been, however, revised and enlarged, and in some cases rewritten. The aim of the book is to apply in a vital way the principles and methods of modern Biblical interpretation to the Old Testament; to treat the entire body of the Old Testament literature as growing out of the life of the Hebrews and revealing and interpreting their spirit; as the product of a genuine evolution, conditioned largely upon the development of the laws, institutions, and ideals of the Hebrew people. The writer accepts fully the modern principles of Biblical interpretation, and has endeavored to present those methods and the results which have been reached by applying them to the Old Testament. He has also endeavored to make clear the fact that the application of these methods, instead of diminishing the spiritual significance and authority of the Bible as an instrument for the development of faith, has greatly enhanced both.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

All Things New: A Message to New Converts. By G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 30 pages. 10c.

Bird Watching. By Edmund Selous. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 347 pages. $3.

In the rush of works concerning the life and habits of wild birds sent forth from the press of late, it is not easy to select any one as of paramount interest either in substance or treatment—so many good points are visible in all. The present work has the charm of a good literary style and leisurely observation, brought to play upon an intimate study of the wild birds that most frequent the English coast. Among the birds dealt with are plovers, redshanks, peewits, oyster-catchers, ravens, curlews, eider ducks, shags, guillemots, rooks, blackbirds, nightingales, sand-martins, etc. The author displays deep sympathy with his subject. In the descriptions of his patient watching of the nest-building and love-making of the birds, there is refinement and poetic insight. Describing a scene between a pair of cormorants in their wild, wave-bound home he adds: "Here was love unmistakable between so strange a pair in so wild a spot—to them the sweetest of bowers. How snug, how cozy they were in that great wet heap of brown seaweed, just in the dark jaws of that gloom-filled cavern, with the frowning precipice above and the sullen heaving sea beneath. Here in this gloom, this wildness, this stupendousness of sea and shore, in the chilling air—here was peace, comfort, conjugal love, domestic bliss, the same flame burning in such strange, gargoyle-shaped forms amidst all the shagginess of nature."

Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. VIII. Ezekiel and Daniel. Illustrated. By Camden M. Cobern, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7¼ in. 415 pages. $2.

Nearly one-third of this volume is devoted to elaborate critical introductions to the study of the two books whose interpretation it is concerned with. Dr. Cobern brings large qualifications to his task, in discharging which he takes the positions of "the middle school" of evangelical scholarship. Unreservedly accepting the modern methods of Biblical criticism, he is disinclined to its forward movement any further than incontestable facts compel.

Complete Works of C. S. Calverley: Biographical Notice by Sir Walter J. Sendall, G. C. M. G. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 514 pages. $2.

The ability to combine whimsical humor with exquisite taste and with thorough knowledge of classical and modern literature has been given to few poets. Calverley was scholar as well as jester, and his touch was sure as well as light. Moreover, his mastery of the science of versification was indisputable. Here in one volume of moderate compass and agreeable form are the best of his verses. One turns first to the parodies, which are probably the very best parodies ever written. "The Cock and the Bull" certainly is unequaled in its spontaneous fun and exactness of imitation in manner. But apart from the parodies the body of verse-production is choice as well as varied, ranging from the lightest trifles to a serious and well executed translation of passages from the "Iliad." The editor's biographical notice is sympathetic and contains anecdotes which will be new to most readers.

Crankisms. By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×6½ in. 99 pages. $1.

Drone and a Dreamer (A). By Nelson Lloyd. Illustrated. The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 259 pages. $1.50.

This is an interesting story, capitally told. There is nothing deep about it; no problem of any sort to be solved. It is just what its sub-title says, "An American Love Story." A group of young men from one of our large cities go for vacation into a Pennsylvania village, where they meet with several odd and entertaining people. The love entanglements are all inspired by an attractive young maiden of the place, who captivates several men by her brightness and unconventionality. The manner in which the denouement is brought about is most ingenious and laughter-provoking. The whole story is rich in humor and shrewd touches of human nature.

Ellen; or, The Whisperings of an Old Pine. By Joseph Battell. Illustrated. The American Publishing Co., Middlebury, Vt. 6½×9¼ in. 471 pages. $1.50.

The conversations of Ellen with the Old Pine, as herein reported, are a vehicle for Mr. Battell's criticisms of modern scientific theories. These, extended to some eight hundred pages, are quite elaborate. The first half deals with the Creation, the second with the Undulatory Theories. Suffice it to say that Mr. Battell sets aside the generally received conclusions of science regarding evolution, gravitation, the ether, sound, etc., and does not hesitate to pronounce, for instance, the theory of sound, as expounded by Tyndall, "full of folly and nonsense." Those who are repelled by such an attitude, and those who may lack patience to follow the argument for it, will find strong attraction in the copious illustrations which are introduced. Seventy-two full-page photogravures of the mountain scenery of Vermont in the varying seasons of the year constitute a feature of this elegantly printed volume which all will agree to admire.

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English Church (The): From the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I. 1066-1272. By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 351 pages. $2.

Among several works that have recently appeared on this subject, the history of which the present volume is the second in a series of seven holds the first rank, as a complete account, based on study of the original authorities and review of the best recent and ancient writers. The two centuries which it covers are among the more important in the development of the English Church and State, and the plan of the work is sufficiently ample for a full presentation both of political and ecclesiastical movements in their correlation and interaction. These two centuries were particularly distinguished by the number and personal qualities of great churchmen, such as Anselm and Langton, who were frequently in conflict with unscrupulous sovereigns. In the commemoration of such and of similar men a large biographical interest attaches to this volume.

Eothen. By Alexander William Kinglake. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 310 pages. 50c.

A charming pocket edition of a book of Eastern travel which might well be slipped into the pocket for out-of-door reading. "Eothen" is in a way a classic, and it preserves its freshness remarkably well.

Farm Poultry. By George C. Watson, M.S. (The Rural Science Series. Edited by L. H. Bailey.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 341 pages. $1.25.

A series of popular life-sketches of domestic fowls, touching upon their histories, pedigrees, introduction into America, mixing of breeds, relative value in egg-laying, food properties, etc. The text is not hard reading; it is not even dry, taken altogether; the interesting things told of one of the most familiar of domestic animals saves it from that. Tabulated results are given of the various processes of preserving eggs, the reading of which will prove of value not only to the producer but also to the consumer curious to know about the food he eats.

Feeding of Animals (The). By Whitman Howard Jordan. (The Rural Science Series. Edited by L. H. Bailey.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 450 pages. $1.25.

This work, the result of knowledge and large experience, will prove of great use to farmers as well as to amateur enthusiasts on cattle and farm culture. Among the themes dealt with are soil, fertility, spraying of plants, fertilizers, milk products, principles of fruit-growing, vegetable gardening, farm poultry, feeding of animals, rural wealth and welfare in general. The work is not one of formulas; there is no dogmatic insistence upon rules. The author shows plainly that the data, even of experiment, must perforce be often incomplete and conflicting. The most claimed for the work is aid and suggestion drawn from tried and tested experiment and comparative results. The book is convincing and stands with reason.

Her Royal Highness Woman and His Majesty—Cupid. By Max O'Rell. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 311 pages.

Whoever opens this book expecting to find this author at his old and witty best is not likely to be disappointed. The book is from cover to cover an ingenious, worldly wise, semi-cynical mingling of man-of-the-world sense and sportive nonsense. If it occasionally suggest something uncomplimentary to the sex it treats of, the author at once takes a mental summersault with some *bon mot* that relieves him of all serious responsibility for previous utterances. Women will do well to read the book, for it will give some of them valuable hints on how to preserve their personal reserve even in matrimony. Max O'Rell betrays some of the secrets that make the women of his own country so fascinating even when plain. He pokes a lot of quiet but inimitable fun at British inconsistencies, praises American women as the most bright, best educated, and best dressed among women, notes Hungarian women as the most generally beautiful, and incidentally mentions his own preference for the fine, tall brunette with dark-blue eyes and the delicate, fine white skin of a blonde, and adds, "If you want to see the latter go to Ireland; you will see her there in plenty."

History of the United States for Junior Classes (A). By Francis Newton Thorpe, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. Eldredge & Bro., Philadelphia. 5¼×7½ in. 301 pages. 90c.

It is hard to speak with praise of a work intended as a text-book for schools without seeming to set it above others already in use. Taken as a whole this volume deserves high praise for the much it tells in a simple, intelligent, and unprejudiced manner. It would be unfair, however, to say that on the whole it is better than the school history by McMaster, for instance. Mr. Thorpe's work dwells more fully on certain points in our early colonial history, and in our subsequent history notes a few minor things omitted by Mr. McMaster. The latter, on the other hand, makes intelligible certain points apparently undervalued by Mr. Thorpe. Our public-school pupils being of ever-increasing strains of cosmopolitan blood and varied religious training, everything of possible interest to all ought to be clearly and succinctly mentioned. Both these writers of juvenile history dwell adequately on the settlements of Virginia and Massachusetts, and make clear the Puritan revolt and the nature of the persecutions they suffered at home. Mr. McMaster goes further, and in writing of the settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore—the first to grant religious liberty on a large scale on this continent—he describes the injustice and social handicaps endured by Roman Catholics in England under the first two Stuart kings. This is being as fair to early Roman Catholic settlers as to early Puritans. Mr. Thorpe omits all this and dismisses in a few words the very important Maryland settlement, pausing only to say that dissension arose there, too, and not adding a word about the fomenter of this dissension—the Puritan Claybourn. Other minor omissions occur also, which make one feel how difficult it is to write a rounded history of our country for children. The proofreader, too, has not been careful in his work; so important a man as the statesman Burke is

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entitled to the Norman form of his name, Edmund, instead of the English Edward, as given here.

House of Romance (The). By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 275 pages. $1.50.

Capital examples of the romance in varied form are to be found here—some of the sword and spur type, some of pure love tales, some tragic, and some disagreeably gruesome. Two or three only are so inferior as to suggest early work. Even better than the best of the stories is the lively dissertation on the romance as literary art which precedes the collection of tales. It is written with acumen, and is infused with wit and clever distinctions.

Insect Book (The). By Leland O. Howard, Ph.D. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7¼×10 in. 429 pages. $3.

Dr. L. O. Howard's timely and exhaustive work on the mosquito, which gives so much valuable information and has awakened so much comment, is closely followed by this, a still more extensive work, on insects of all other kinds and varieties. This work, by one of the foremost living entomologists, cannot fail of awakening wide interest at a time when nature studies in general have come actively to the front. Grasshoppers, wasps, bees, flies, bugs, every sort of insect known to North America, whether native or imported, are minutely brought before us, and their habits, degrees of intelligence, modes of propagation, and uses in helping preserve the balance in nature are fully given. The book is written in a style sufficiently popular to quicken and keep alive our interest in the wonders of this myriad world which surrounds man, and of whose life-work man knows so little, closely as it is linked with his own well being and with the economy of the universe. It is copiously illustrated, having sixteen colored plates, thirty-two black-and-white full-page pictures, and three hundred text cuts. To peruse the book is to learn many unsuspected facts, strange uses, and still stranger superstitions which the accretions of time have built about these small inhabitants of our planet.

L'Enfant Espion and Other Stories. Edited by Reginald R. Goodell, M.A. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 142 pages. 45c.

Mormon Monster (The); or, The Story of Mormonism. By Edgar E. Folk, A.M., D.D. Introduction by George A. Lofton, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 372 pages.

The aim and character of this book are indicated by its title. It is issued with the indorsement of ministers of some of the principal Christian churches in Utah. Its compend of the history, doctrines, and practices of Mormonism needs to be supplemented by reading Dr. C. B. Spahr's chapter on the Mormons in his book on "America's Working People." It agrees, however, with his conclusions, that sexual morality is lower in Utah than elsewhere in America.

Outline of the Neo-Hebraic Apocalyptic Literature. By Moses Buttenwieser, Ph.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 6×9½ in. 44 pages. 50c.

Poems by a Cowboy. By Arthur G. Clark. Published by the Author. 5½×8 in. 48 pages. 25c.

Practical Life Work of Henry Drummond (The). By Cuthbert Lennox. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 244 pages. $1.

So many-sided, captivating, and influential a character as Henry Drummond's demands more than one biography. To those who have read Professor George Adam Smith's standard memoir and to those who have not this briefer work will be equally welcome, especially as its author has been fortunate in discovering much that has not hitherto been published. The phase of evangelical revival, known as the "Students' Movement," now attracting interest by its growing momentum, owes its genesis to Drummond, and his relation to it is here brought into special prominence.

Road to Ridgeby's (The). By Frank Burlingame Harris. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

Like the author of "David Harum," Mr. Harris did not live to hear his story praised. Praise it certainly deserves, for it has kindly and simple humor, honest but not oppressive realism, and a genuine faculty for character realization. There are half a dozen men and women in this romance of farm life who "ring true."

Sister Teresa. By George Moore. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 378 pages.

This is really the conclusion of Mr. Moore's "Evelyn Innes." The two novels together form an elaborate life-history of a girl with the artistic temperament, and also with true art-power as a singer, whose moral nature is in conflict between impulses of sensualism and impulses of renunciation. There is much that is repellent, and not a few passages which are distinctly objectionable, if the books are considered not merely as psychological studies but as fiction for indiscriminate reading. Apart from this, Mr. Moore's great failing is in total absence of fancy, imagination, or humor. He interests undoubtedly, but he does not arouse sympathy or stir the emotions. In "Evelyn Innes" the elaborate description of convent life has the appearance of exactness, and the attempt to follow the inner life of various types of nuns and novices is often convincing and always cleverly thought out. There seems, however, to be no real aim or purpose in the telling of this life-history, and one feels that great intellectual strength has been expended with little positive result.

Story of Bruges (The). By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 418 pages. $2.

As the story of Bruges is less well known to readers generally than those of the towns treated in other volumes of this series, so it is with the greater pleasure that one finds how much there is of dramatic episode, of heroic endeavor, and of picturesque feudalism to be found in this record. The book is distinctly readable, and it is also well proportioned. The drawings are by Mr. Herbert Railton, and make one long for more of such fine pen-and-ink work in place of the over-frequent "half-toned" photographs.

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Tennyson. By Morton Luce. (The Temple Primers.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 166 pages. 40c.

Mr. Luce's "Handbook to Tennyson" is well known and highly esteemed by students and teachers of English literature. The purpose of this booklet is the same as of the larger work. Its main subject is not the man but his works, of which an epidictic and critical survey is presented in brief outlines, with a few pages added in review of the poems that first appeared in the poet's memoir by his son.

Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous. By George Berkeley. Reprint Edition. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 136 pages. 25c.

Tim, Tam, and Tom: Settling the Tariff-Trust Question. By Roswell A. Benedict, A.M. Rohde & Haskins, New York. 5½×8 in. 117 pages. 25c.

Une Ville Flottante. By Jules Verne. Edited by C. Fontaine, B ès L., L. en D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 181 pages. 40c.

Wayfarings. By George Herbert Clarke. Illustrated. Windsor & Kenfield Publishing Co., Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 94 pages. $1.

Mr. Clarke has good metrical sense and a facile pen, whose products are here collected from various journals in which they first appeared in fugitive form.

Works of Shakespeare. Edited by Edward Dowden. Vol. I. **The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.** Vol. II. **The Tragedy of Hamlet.** The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6×3¾ in. $1.25 per volume.

The appearance of an edition of Shakespeare edited by so competent a critic and *litterateur* as Mr. Dowden is an event of real importance in the book world. Later on we shall take occasion to speak of the work more fully. At present it may suffice to say of these two plays that their *format* is that of a rather large and rather thin octavo convenient to the hand; that the typography is clear and large, and that in all externals the volumes, one of which will be devoted to each play, are comely and satisfying. The method of the edition is to present, together with a desirable reading-text of the play, annotations and a comparative survey of the early readings, page by page, so that reference to appendices will not be needed. This plan is carried out with discretion and with well-determined moderation as to the quantity of the two classes of notes.

Correspondence

The Divinity of Christ

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial on the divinity of Jesus Christ, in The Outlook of June 29, is a somewhat remarkable one, inasmuch as your conception seems to be chiefly theoretical and strangely independent of all historical testimony.

As a question of choice in what we may personally prefer to accept or reject in New Testament history there is, of course, no governing rule; but as a question of authority, not even the most searching investigation has yet disclosed any proof that the story of the Virgin birth is simply a myth that was tacked onto the Gospels and has succeeded in making fools of the brightest and noblest Christians during the centuries that are gone. With all the evidence that the higher critics have been able to secure, this record still remains irrefragable, and with us it is merely optional as to whether we shall believe or disbelieve it. Neither is there any more authority for our statement that we are the sons of God than there is for Christ's statement to those who refused to believe in his deity that they were "of their father the devil."

Speaking of Christ, you say, "It may be that he is neither God nor a good man richly endowed by God, but a man in whom God so dwelt that in him the world beholds the express image of God's person." Had this been the message of the Christ, which the early apostles and the early Church brought to the world, would Christianity ever have become the thrilling, earth-transforming power that it has? Would any man-worship ever have brought about such marvelous results in the lives and hearts of sinful humanity? Would God's richest spiritual blessings have been poured out upon a people who, in their ignorance and superstition, were falsely worshiping a mere man as God? Whatever may be the claims of present-day liberalism, the fact forever remains that it was a belief in the deity of Jesus Christ and a worship of him as a supernatural being that have made Christianity the dynamic force that it is in the world.

I think you will admit that we have no greater authority on this subject than Jesus Christ himself, yet is there a verse in the entire New Testament where he is recorded as giving his sanction to any belief in himself other than that of the supreme son of God, in a sense not shared by our common humanity? That this difference was of a metaphysical nature seems, as your correspondent suggested, practically incontrovertible.

Probably one of the most familiar argu-

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ments brought forward by those whose alluring but false cry is, "Back to Christ!" is that of the faith of the blind man who was healed without any definite knowledge of Christ's person or character. But it is a significant fact that those who quote this incident so freely, and claim to find in it ample justification for their humanitarian doctrine, purposely ignore its most important feature, viz., that Christ would not permit the blind man to remain in this unenlightened attitude of faith, but, as was the case throughout all his earthly ministry, he gently yet firmly insisted upon a higher faith in himself as a divine being. He did not say to the blind man, as so many of our modern theologians would have him say, "Dost thou believe on Jesus Christ, the great teacher of ethics?" or, "Dost thou believe on me as a son of God like unto yourself?" Ah, no! Christ's estimate of his own divine personality always transcended that accorded him by his critics to-day, and is a constant rebuke to the rationalism taught in many of our universities and theological seminaries. Had not Christ been fully conscious that he was divinely superior to even the highest type of our earth-born humanity, would he have insisted upon his peculiar relationship with God, even to bringing upon himself the reproach and suffering of the cross? How sad and how strange that so many who profess to be Christians should persist in repudiating the very claim that he himself refused to retract even in the face of death!

If we are to recognize the New Testament teachings of Christ at all, or his words concerning himself, it seems to me that we must either accept a belief in his divinity or admit the cruel and infamous charge made by Professor Pfleiderer, of the University of Berlin, that Jesus was deluded in the idea of his Messianic calling, and that it was the "shocking surprise" at discovering his mistake that led to his utterance on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

About two years ago a prominent Jewish rabbi was invited to address the Young Men's Congregational Club of Boston, and in the course of his remarks referred to Jesus Christ as having been a man of most estimable character, but insisted that the Jewish belief in him is that he was simply a great prophet, born of an earthly father, and similar to the prophets who had previously appeared. This address was greeted with applause from his audience, but had Jesus Christ been there in person it would have received no applause from him. On the contrary, there would have fallen from his lips, as of old, the silencing rebuke and the insistence upon a faith in him far surpassing that in an earthly prophet.

Even throwing aside any reference to the much disputed and criticised Gospel of John, we find that all three of the synoptic Gospels show plainly and unmistakably that Jesus Christ would not recognize any theory of himself as a mere man or prophet, even though one miraculously risen from the dead. When he put these searching questions, "Who do men say that I am?" and "Whom do you say that I am?" there was but one answer that would satisfy him, and no answer less than that would satisfy him to-day. To place any interpretation upon it other than that of a metaphysical unity with the Father is obviously a perversion of the original meaning, and if this question could be submitted to the test of statistics from the laymen and laywomen whom you represent as having no definite opinion on the subject, I am convinced you would find your correspondent correct in his assertion that his view is the one held by the majority of Christians.

That this view is by no means as unusual as your article would imply is evident from the following editorial which recently appeared in a well-known Congregational paper: "When a man does not believe that Jesus Christ is truly God come to earth for our salvation, that he truly rose from the dead, and that he now sends forth the Holy Spirit to convert and save men, that man is not a Christian in the historic sense, whatever else he may be."

And that this view is also the very one that was so bitterly contested by the Jews living in Christ's day is evident from these words: "For a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God."

Mrs. Charles D. Parish.

Oakland, Cal.

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The Marriage Service

To the Editors of The Outlook:

How dared the author of the article, "The Marriage Ceremony," to write it without looking at either the English Prayer-Book or the American Revision, softened and refined by addition and omission?

The statement made is not true that there is apology for marriage; nor that it is to be entered, etc., *because* "commended of St. Paul." So the criticism is entirely invalid. "An honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee, and is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men, and therefore (*i. e.*, in view of all these things) is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly," etc.

I have used the marriage service a good many times, and I am sure that no one of those of "the unecclesiastical mind" ever thought that introduction "distasteful," or, indeed, anything else than high and noble thought about the sacramental rite of marriage.

The comparison with the Roman Catholic doctrine to the disadvantage of the Anglican is uncalled for, excellent and beautiful as the Roman Catholic statement is, as there is nothing there that is not also in the English form.

I find it hard to understand how the author could have so written, for he speaks commendingly of the Prayer-Book as a whole.

I can only account for it by supposing he did not look at the marriage service at all, remembered something that was in it, or, like the German philosopher, constructed it in his inner consciousness.

Wellsville, N. Y. F. W. B.

[It is true that the Episcopal marriage service, as modified in 1892, is a wise and beautiful compromise between its former baldness and the redundant English service. Previously, its "therefore" was hinged *solely* upon the reference to St. Paul, while the Anglican form introduces needless physiological and moral philosophy. The only point objected to by the article mentioned was the unnecessary—and, as it seemed to us, ill-timed—citation from St. Paul in assurance that matrimony is "honourable." The reference seems to be to Hebrews xiii., 4, "Marriage is honourable in all;" American Revised Version: "Let marriage be be held in honour among all." But this epistle is to-day hardly held to be Pauline. The omission of the clause "and is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men" would not weaken the "noble thoughts" that precede, while it would relieve the service of the shadow of a suspicion that the institution needs bolstering up as "honourable," when honor and fidelity are of its very essence, and command the respect of all men.—THE EDITORS.]

Porto Rico's Poverty

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In Edward Marshall's "Talk with General Wood," published in The Outlook July 20, he twice refers to the poverty of Porto Rico, once attributing it to the hurricane of last year, and again to overpopulation.

The truth is, Porto Rico is poor, and the evidence is she has always been poor. There is not a single thing on the island left by the Spaniards to indicate that there was ever any considerable accumulation of wealth there. There are no expensive public buildings, there are no court-houses, no jails, no school-houses, no churches that have cost more than small sums of money. The island has neither railroads nor public highways, nor are there private residences to attest wealth.

But Porto Rico has a rich soil and a salubrious climate. Why, then, are her people poor? The only answer that can be given is that bad laws and lack of education have crushed her people. Under Spain a native had very small opportunity to accumulate any money. There were practically no schools, and the desire to improve their condition did not appear possible to the masses.

Porto Rico has less than one million people, instead of a million and a half, as stated by Mr. Marshall. These people are poorly fed, because the great bulk of them are day laborers, at a wage of thirty cents per day, and are fed on imported food; codfish, rice, and plantains are the chief articles of food. While almost every

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vegetable known to us will grow to perfection, gardens are practically unknown, and the poor live upon wild roots, wild fruits, and the foods imported. Certainly not one-third of the land on the island is in cultivation.

Give the people of Porto Rico a practical education; show them that they can raise their own food; let righteous laws cause the laborer to get his just share of the returns of his labor, and the island will support at least three million human beings instead of one million, as at present. In Porto Rico the laborer cannot earn more than $9 per month. The same man, with his whole family, is carried free to Hawaii, receives $18 per month, with house, schooling for his children, and medical attendance. At home he had neither schools nor medical attendance.

Porto Rico will be a paradise or the reverse, depending upon how it is governed.

GEORGE G. GRAFF.

Late Superintendent of Public Instruction in Porto Rico.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

What are we to think of the character of Paul in the light of his utterance in First Corinthians, "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"? Whether the dead rise again or sleep forever, it seems to me the man who would *not* prefer, at least in theory, striving to do his duty, in submission to God's will, rather than sensuality, has a wrong idea of what is best, in *this* world, for himself and humanity in general. If Paul's theological conceptions are no better than his moral perception is he worthy of his place as the foremost, the divinely inspired, teacher of Christian theology? Jesus planted the "tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations." As it seems to me, Paul's intellect, trained by those pettifogging lawyers, the rabbis, grafted it with a bitter and unwholesome fruit. J. G. L.

This inquiry illustrates the error of interpreting Paul as a philosopher whose expressions are to be weighed and measured by a standard of mathematical exactness. Paul was an orator. He used the argument which he thought would be effective for his purpose at the time. He wrote by dictation with a rapidity of utterance which left many a hiatus. The phrase, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is taken from Isaiah xxii., 13, in the Greek version. The prophet had called for a day of fasting and prayer in a desperate national crisis; instead, the people, thinking all was lost, had turned to feasting in the true spirit of the later Greek Epicurean school. Paul also, it is to be noted, never "fought with beasts at Ephesus," though he met a mob there. If we translate Paul's language with prosaic accuracy, and fill up the hiatus, it would read something like this: I have been mobbed for my faith. I have met every kind of persecution, obloquy, and suffering because of it. How can this faith be commended to pagans who see the earthly distress and disaster which it brings, if it is robbed of immortality? How can we reply to the pagan of to-day who says to us in the spirit of our own unbelievers of ancient times, Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, if he is right, and we do die to-morrow, and there is no hereafter?

Kindly tell me where I can find the most able argument in opposition to the higher criticism. Are the verdicts of the higher criticism accepted by a large majority of Bible students in all churches? H. H. C.

No scholar to-day opposes the "higher" (more properly called historical) criticism, *as such*. All scholars employ it. But some critics argue against the methods and conclusions of others. For an able statement of the conclusions of the more conservative but much less numerous school of critics see the articles on the several books of Scripture in Professor Davis's "Dictionary of the Bible" (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, $2). For the same in regard only to the New Testament books see Pullan's "Books of the New Testament," written from both a high-orthodox and high church point of view (Macmillan, New York, $1). See also Professor Green's and Dr. Bartlett's volumes on the Unity of the Hexateuch. Recognizing that "Bible students" are *not* identical with Biblical scholars, we think that a count of heads would show a majority of students holding strongly conservative views; but probably a considerable majority of teachers in the theological seminaries of both England and the United States hold to the Documentary Hypothesis as regards the Pentateuch, to the non-Davidic authorship of most of the Psalms, to two or more authors of Isaiah, and to kindred conclusions of the modern school.

Is the theory of evolution accepted by all scientists of good standing? I know it is pretty generally *believed* by scholars, but have sufficient data been collected for scientists to state it positively as a fact and to so teach it in the schools? Or does it remain but a theory, probable, but as yet incomplete, awaiting further discoveries before being given a place in the text-books, and at present rejected by some scientists of as high standing as those who accept it? J.

This question may be best answered in the words of the late Professor Le Conte: "We regard the law of evolution in its wider sense, viz., the derivative origin of all forms, organic or other, as axiomatic, and requiring no further proof. Among scientific men there is no longer any discussion of the truth of this law, but only of the theories of the causes of the law. (See his "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," page 67.)

Kindly suggest a few works bearing on Mormonism. J. E. S.

Gregg's "Prophet of Palmyra" (J. B. Alden, New York, $1); Kennedy's "Early Days of Mormonism" (Scribners, $1.50); "A Detective's Experience Among Mormons" (Laird & Lee, Chicago, $1.50); "Pen Pictures of Mormonism" (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, 15 cents); Folk's "The Mormon Monster" (Revell); "The Book of Mormon."

In The Outlook of January 1, 1898, an article on page 98, signed "B.," referred to "the spit-curl of Dr. Holmes." Can you give me any explanation as to what "the spit-curl of Dr. Holmes" is? J. N. S.

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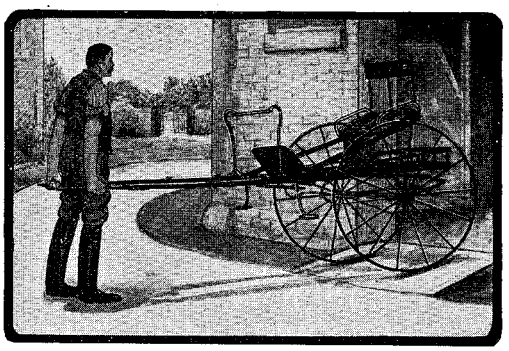

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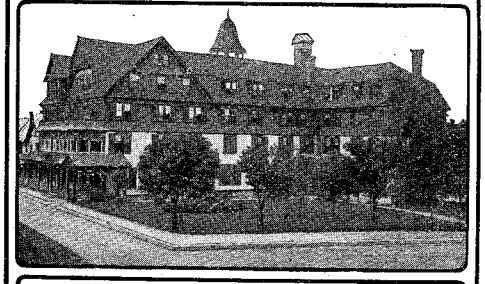

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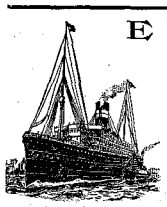

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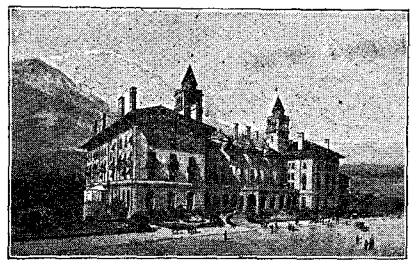

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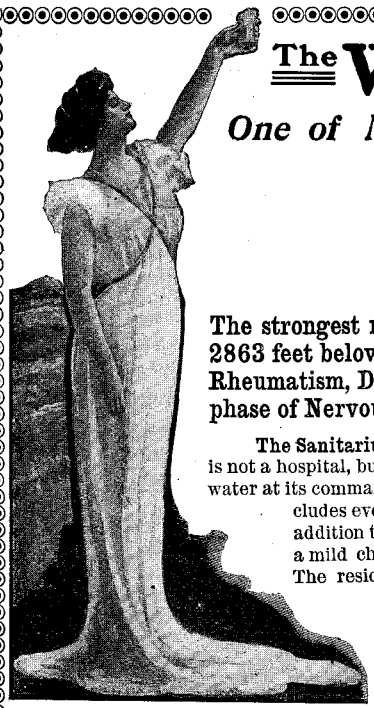

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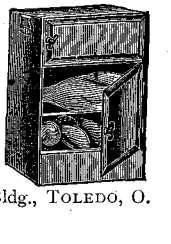

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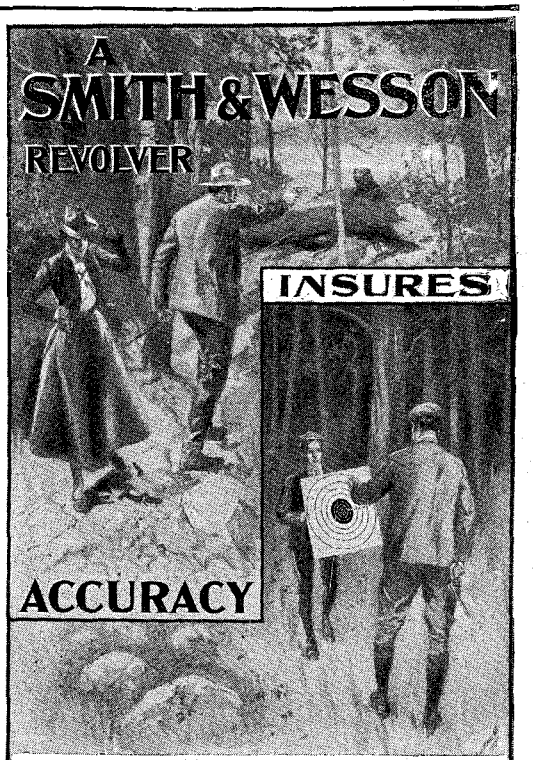

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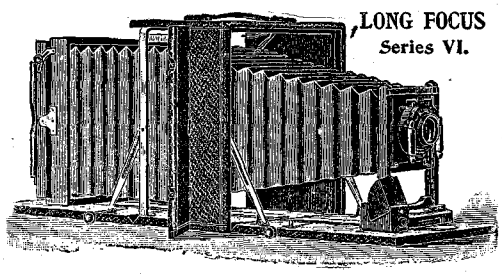

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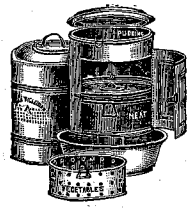

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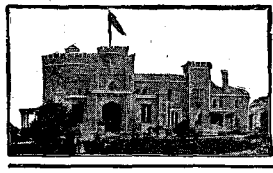

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